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# THE NEW YORK POLICE GAZETTE

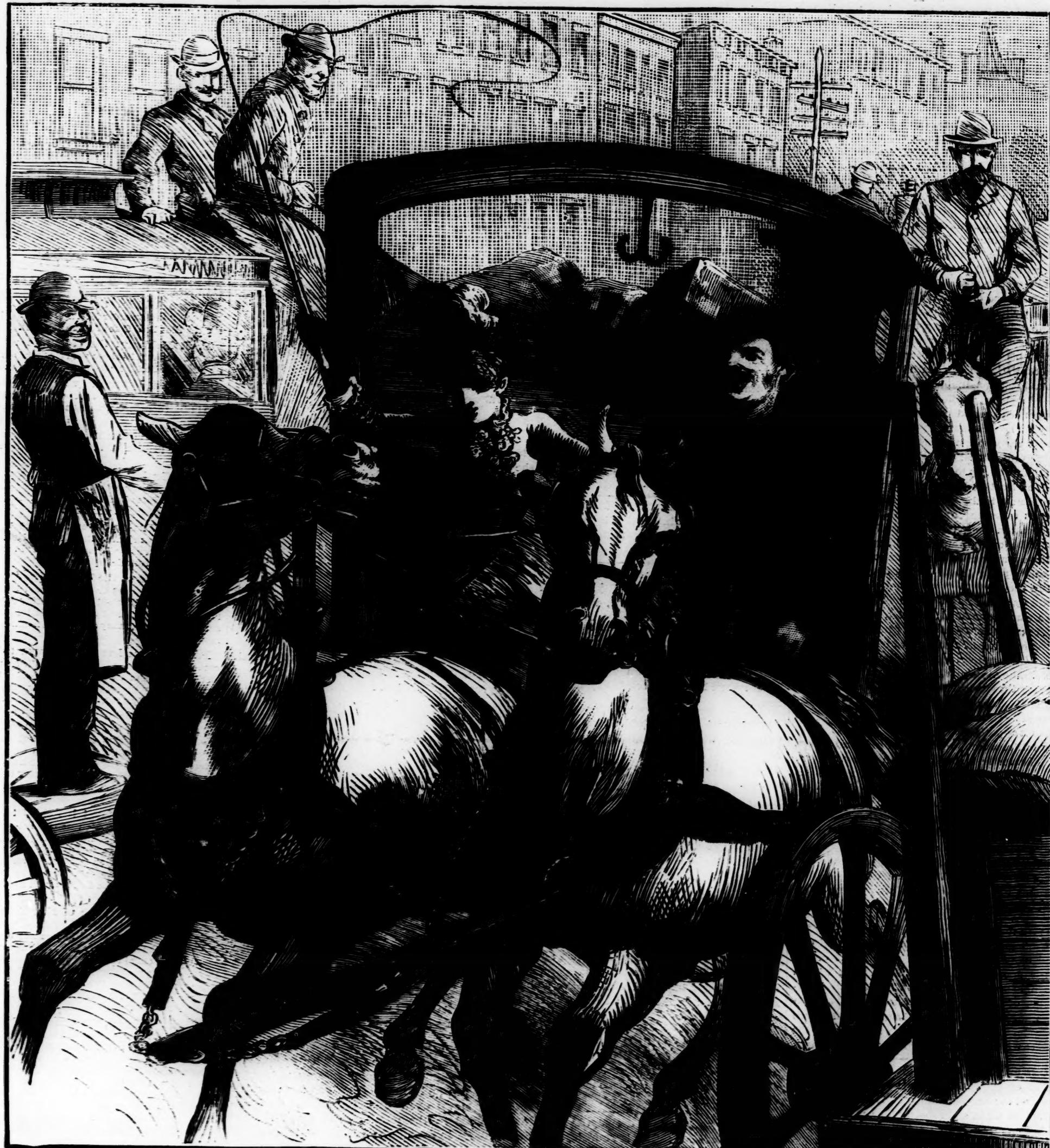
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

VOLUME XLVI—No. 401.  
Price Ten Cents.



A COOL CHARIOTEERESS.

A MURRAY HILL DAMSEL OF THE FIRST FAMILIES ASTONISHES BROADWAY BY DRIVING AN ICE-WAGON AT FULL SPEED.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor,  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

## 13 Weeks, \$1.

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Franklin Square, New York.

### SUPPOSE WE HAD DONE IT.

One of the principal accusations usually preferred against this newspaper is that we are addicted to sensationalism—that we never stop at anything; that we spare neither decency nor feeling when it comes to a question of public interest in the story we tell. In some daily journals the statement is often openly made that these columns are not governed by the ordinary and commonplace dictates of humanity, and that if you want to get a sample of the real unadulterated milk of human kindness you must go to the dailies as aforesaid.

Let us see how true this is and make certain the vast superiority of the pretentious daily newspaper way of doing things to our own.

About three months ago, while Martine Bank President James D. Fish was in a pretty tight place and the clouds of legal prosecution were deepening and darkening over his head, we were placed in possession of what looked to be a shameful and cruel scandal involving Mr. Fish and a well-known but deceased actress named Sallie Reber Laing. As usual, we thoroughly investigated the matter and found that while Mr. Fish's conduct had been singularly foolish, and that Miss Reber's death had occurred under the saddest imaginable conditions, there was, in legal language, "nothing in the case." To print the particulars and exaggerate them would be only to heap shame upon a young woman whose early and melancholy end entitled her to the profoundest commiseration and upon an old man who, up to his neck in other troubles, had at least endeavored to be generous and considerate in this particular instance.

Thus reasoning and thus deciding, we, the incarnation of all that is heartless and cruel and infamously inhuman in journalism—if you believe our esteemed contemporaries of the morning press—let the matter drop.

Did they?

Not by a jugful. If they had been actuated by a wholesome moral instinct, and if they had each made a separate and distinct discovery of the case, it might have looked less evil on their part—these "superiors" of our own.

No. The same private malice which failed to employ these columns to defile the new grave of Sallie Reber and add one more pang to the distress of James D. Fish succeeded in its purpose when it appealed to the big dailies—these same big dailies which pretend to be so moral and so considerate and so very clean and virtuous. They were only too glad to get the strong scent of the new scandal and follow it up clear to its source, no matter what flagrant lies, what infamous innuendoes, what disgusting or obscene particulars they might publish on the way, Sallie Reber's name and hard fate? Banker Fish's feelings? The real mitigating and explanatory facts? What the deuce did they amount to—with the big morning papers?

But suppose we had done it?

It's a tough week when a Wall street broker doesn't supply the police courts with an item. The latest case is that of the Knight of the Curbstone who whipped his mistress with a rawhide because she had had an elegant sufficiency of his company, and wouldn't live with him. Faugh! One out-and-out fair and square gambler is worth fifty of the sharers of the Street when it comes down to true manliness.

One man armed with a hickory club succeeded in overpowering both the express messenger and the baggageman on a train in Indiana the other night and robbing the car of its valuable contents. Both the trainmen were asleep with their car door open. Hereafter the express companies will be likely to instruct their messengers either to lock their car-doors or remain awake when on duty.

THE New York *Herald* has just passed the half-century post.

RUSSIA still defies England to knock that chip off her shoulder.

EGYPT is now of the opinion that France bluffed on a kelter and won.

ILLINOIS has found a citizen militia to be of considerable value in an emergency.

GEN. GRANT has gained seven pounds. His doctors are as well as could be expected.

A HORSE named Malaria won a Kentucky race this week. Malaria generally comes out ahead.

AN effort is being made to get up a colored baseball nine, but those having the matter in charge are trying to keep it dark.

THE King of Denmark was never umpire in a baseball match or he would know better than to try to arbitrate in the Afghan trouble.

THE Prince of Wales has not yet found out who threw that onion at him when he was in Cork. The detectives are still on the scent.

THE count of the money in the national treasury is finished and the amount is two cents short. Here is an elegant chance to cry "fraud."

THE Little Neck clam gazes enviously at the retreating form of the rollicking oyster, and thinks his cousin a trifling shellfish, to say the least.

THE Plymouth plague is spreading in Pennsylvania. It is evidently a typho-malarial epidemic, and is in no way related to the Asiatic cholera.

RUSSIA may agree not to seize Herat. But General Komaroff may go on and seize Herat under a "misapprehension" of the wishes of his imperial chief.

NEXT to shipping dynamite in trunks the recent practice of sending dead bodies by rail threatens to interfere with the baggage smashers' occupation.

AMONG the Russian peasantry tallow candles and various kinds of oil are favorite articles of food; and this perhaps explains why Russian soldiers are full of fire.

A NEW YORK divine, Rev. Chas. H. Eaton, advocates the opening of art galleries and similar instructive institutions on Sundays. He's the right sort of parson.

GUSSIE MARTIN, of New York, sooner than wed a man she didn't want took up with an old flame, who deserted her in Montreal, where she suicided with morphine.

COUNTY JUDGE BROOKS, of Texas, convicted of bribery, saved himself the disgrace of spending two years in the Penitentiary by sending a bullet through his brain.

A GAME of baseball between the Bostons and Philadelphias in the latter city in which the "Fillies" were badly worsted, was characterized by the *Times* as a "comedy of errors."

SECRETARY WHITNEY is worrying the life out of jobber John Roach. He has just decided that not until the Dolphin has withstood another test will she be accepted by the Government.

WE have long been told that it would be a "cold day" when the Republicans got left. The news from Washington and the frigidity of the weather go to corroborate the truth of the assertion.

WILLIAM B. McCONNELL, of Fargo, has been appointed Associate Justice of Dakota. It will be his duty to remove the barrel from under the culprit's feet while the Chief Justice holds the rope.

NEW HAMPSHIRE men are easily satisfied. A resident of that State recently died and left a will bequeathing \$10,000 to his "dear wife" in case she remained single for eight weeks after his death.

THE ice-cream poisoning season has already begun, and the impecunious young man is correspondingly happy. He will have a plausible excuse for declining to treat his girl to the deadly delicacy.

UNCLE SAM in his little expedition to the Isthmus changed the "colon" to a "period," and if the fellows down there know when they are happy they had better come to a full stop in this rebellion business.

MR. GLADSTONE is a deep-dyed, hoary old villain. Let's see: This is Thursday. On Friday he will be the grandest old man that ever occupied the chair at the head of the ministerial table in Downing street.

SECRETARY BAYARD will not issue a commission to Dr. De Mieres, recently appointed Consul to Japan. It has been discovered that De Mieres is a bold, bad man. It is a pity that the discovery was not made sooner.

Now that the English have ceased to fight the Sudanese, and talk seriously of withdrawing from that country, scarcely a day passes that some fellah does not swoop down on El Mahdi and give him a threshing.

A SUMMER boarding place in Westchester county advertises for "gentle persons—excepting clergy—boarded, etc." What have the dominies been doing now? We've always thought it would come to this.

ONE by one the great Generals of the Union army are dropping off. The death of Maj. Gen. McClellan, at San Francisco, adds another to the list of distinguished Federal soldiers who have fallen since the war of the rebellion.

MADAGASCAR, near South Hampton, L. I., has been the scene of a diabolical outrage. Two women were the victims of the bestiality of some Italians, who also beat them and destroyed furniture. A little hemp would suit their case.

A SAN FRANCISCO physician has written a treatise on "How to Breathe." When Mike Cleary gets one of Mitchell's right-handers in the pit of the stomach, the information contained in this book might be worth a thousand dollars to him.

MACKAY is said to be the richest man in the world. His fortune is estimated at \$275,000,000. Following him comes Rothschild, \$200,000,000; Vanderbilt, \$175,000,000, and the Duke of Westminster, \$80,000,000. Poor Jay Gould comes further down in the scale, struggling to make both ends meet from an income on \$50,000.

By the generosity of a relative old William Peake and his wife have been removed from the Cortland county poorhouse to a comfortable home, but as the aged couple manifest an intense eagerness to resume their nefarious career as Swiss bell-ringers it may be thought advisable to provide for them in Cortland county jail.

THE "Molly Maguires" have made their appearance in Tazewell and Wythe counties, Virginia, and have developed a strong organization. They have terrorized the neighborhood and are credited with the murders of several mine bosses and negro laborers. As usual in the South, the law is impotent to prevent the outrages.

DR. DOUGLASS, Gen. Grant's physician, felt the patient's pulse the other night, looked at his tongue and then, gravely nodding his head, said: "Wonderful—wonderful!" It really is wonderful—wonderful that the old hero should have pulled through with Douglass and the rest of them dosing him.

THE other day a Newark (N. J.) physician, who suspected that some one was peeping through the keyhole of his office door, investigated with a syringe full of pepper-sauce. He found his wife, half an hour afterward, with a bandage over her left optic. She told him that she had been cutting wood and a chip had hit her in the eye.

IT seems a very foolish thing to set a watch over a dead man's bones. But the grave of Cyrus H. McCormick, the Chicago millionaire, is thus constantly guarded. Possibly a man who worked such a revolution in the reaping and mowing business while he was alive feared to trust himself in the hands of the great reaper and mower who has had a long-established monopoly in his line of business.

NEXT summer ex-President Arthur will be able to go to Maine, pitch his cool tent on the banks of Nanquahghkappoquaashantuck and catch tomcods, scuppaungs, tantagues, quahogs, scallops, mummichogs, squirts, quot, neartangues, millets, cohogsets, scrup grunter, menhaden, pumpkin fish, eels and some "trouts."

MR. PIRATE ROACH has at length consented to another trial of the decrepit tub which he built for the naval department and called the Dolphin. This is exceedingly kind of Mr. Roach, particularly in view of the fact that if the dismal wreck holds together during the six hours' trial trip he is to receive for it about three times as much as it is worth.

WHEN a South American government gets hold of a rebel there is very little chance for amnesty bills and general pardons, with foreign missions and other soft snaps when the affair has blown over. It is the drum-head court-martial in the morning, and a well-laden gallows in the afternoon. We do these things better in this country, as some of Mr. Cleveland's recent appointees can abundantly testify.

### SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



There isn't an amateur in town who doesn't know big, good-natured, broad-shouldered and large-hearted John Ranahan. A man of brains as well as brawn, he shines in a good many fields—but there is none in which he so distinguishes himself as in his own—the real estate business. He juggles houses and lots as nimbly as he does his dumb-bells.

E. C. Benedict, of this city, has bought the steam yacht Edith, 60 feet long, for \$6,000.

The steam yacht Sphinx has changed owners, Henry F. Hendoucker having given H. A. Taylor \$4,000 for her.

George Warin, the Toronto boat-builder, has been given an order for a new four-oared shell by the Nautilus Boat Club of Hamilton, Ont.

E. J. Baldwin, the California millionaire and horse-owner, has been sued for breach of promise by Miss Lou Perkins, who places damages at \$600,000.

The West Brothers, who have closed up their old room in Chicago, are on the point of opening one in Dearborn street, between Monroe and Madison.

Lyman B. Glover, president of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association, has accepted the position of referee for the New Orleans regatta.

Peter Conley, of Portland, denies that he has made any engagement to row a race with Wallace Ross at Oak Point on Decoration Day. As yet he has made no engagement whatever.

Miller & Parker have leased the upper part of the building in which their North-side room, Chicago, is located, and will "open a hotel" in conjunction with their hydrostatic department.

James Bowe, the former trainer for the Dwyers, who now has a small but good stable of his own, has adopted dark-blue as his racing colors, and if the same don't repeatedly be seen first past the post during the season, many of Jimmy's admirers will lose money.

Paddy Ryan has settled down to business in the metropolis, having been installed as landlord of the wine-room on Broadway, opposite City Hall Park, formerly kept by Tom Kearns. He proposes to give everybody a "straight rumb," and treat all so well that they'll be certain to call again.

Prof. Austin, widely known on both sides of the Atlantic as a club steward and gymnastic instructor, has recently returned from Savannah, Ga., where he filled an engagement with a society club. He is enjoying a resting spell previously to accepting a similar position which he expects will be offered to him here.

Al. Smith on May 4 bet \$1,000 to \$600 that Slosson would beat Sexton at cushion-carroms. It would be a great go if Sexton should get into a streak at the greatest of all games for luck that no human foresight can prevent or stem, and, averaging about 4½ pound out the Chicagoan. It would give Stedeker another lease of life, and Henry ought not just now to be feeling very well.

Cornelius Foley, one of New York's oldest residents, died in this city on May 3, and was buried at New Rochelle. The old gentleman was eighty years of age and related to Officer Foley, of Sergeant Fuller's squad, doing duty in Judge Murray's Yorkville Police Court. Of late years he had been tenderly cared for by those near and dear to him, and peacefully passed away in one of the homes for aged people in East Seventieth street.

"Chris," Hogan, the once noted detective, widely known among the old sports, died recently in this city, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the names of Hogan and Radford were familiar throughout the States and Canada. When they dissolved partnership during the war, Hogan accepted a position in the Government service, under Colonel Wood, and added to his reputation. Of recent years his affairs were not prosperous, and he died in straitened circumstances. He was a native of Pennsylvania, we believe, and was a brother of the late Maggie Hogan, who, under the name of Maggie Hunt, was quite well known in literary circles.

## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

## The Dismal Fate and Doleful End of a Teutonic Recipient of Free Tickets to a Theatre.

The habit of accepting an order for free tickets on a theatrical box office is full of perils and often engenders the most disastrous consequences. For it is a habit which is always growing and developing; a habit that takes hold of a man permanently and never, under any circumstances, relaxes its deadly grip.

The history of the stage fairly teems with instances of men, otherwise admirable and independent, who, first falling into the pitfall of the "complimentary"



The manager drops in.

ticket just to oblige some needy and garrulous advance agent or business manager, afterward became so addicted to the shameful and abominable practice that, in due and sufficient time they died of it.

One of the saddest cases on record is that of a worthy German beer-seller by the name of Schlichter, who, until recently, kept a very successful and popular establishment, much affected and patronized by Teutons of the better class, on Third avenue, near Seventy-ninth street.

On a day which will always be marked with black



The author calls.

In the calendar of the Schlichter family, the head of the house was introduced to the bill-distributor and programmer of that well-known but not invariably prosperous Temple of Thespis, the Thirty-sixth Street theatre. After a conversation, which cost Mr. Schlichter eighteen glasses of beer, four cigars, a pound of head-cheese, four pickled lamb's tongues and a couple of drinks of kummel, the bill-distributor persuaded the old gentleman to accept two passes to the gallery of the theatre he represented, each pass being individually worth a sum neither more nor less than 25 cents, at an extravagant computation thereof.



The juvenile man throws out a suggestion.

It cost Mr. Schlichter about \$3 to avail himself of the passes. But the mere fact that they were in themselves free and priceless was enough to suffice him with a genial and contented glow.

So it came about that when Mr. Nordon, the man-

ager of the theatre, dropped in on his way home to his Long Island country seat loaded down with "properties" and provisions and things, after the manner and fashion of theatrical managers generally, the kindly and delighted old beer-seller was only too glad to go through the ceremony known as "busting a bottle."

Next day his jovial features put on an almost equally cordial smile (albeit there was a slight diminution of its original width) when a dark, lean, gaunt and unfed person with a yellow face, a long nose and jet

black hair visited the saloon and threw out a delicate but sardonic intimation that he was the author of the "comedy" which Mr. Schlichter had, so to speak, gratuitously enjoyed. Somehow or another Mr. Schlichter felt that, under the circumstances, he ought to "bust" another bottle—and he did so, with a pleasing affection of spontaneous delight.

At ten o'clock the next morning Mr. Schlichter was called upon by an airy and slanty young gentleman in a loud light suit of clothes, whose legs seemed to be of the size and spirituality of corkscrews. This affable young man leaned up against the bar and, in a cheery

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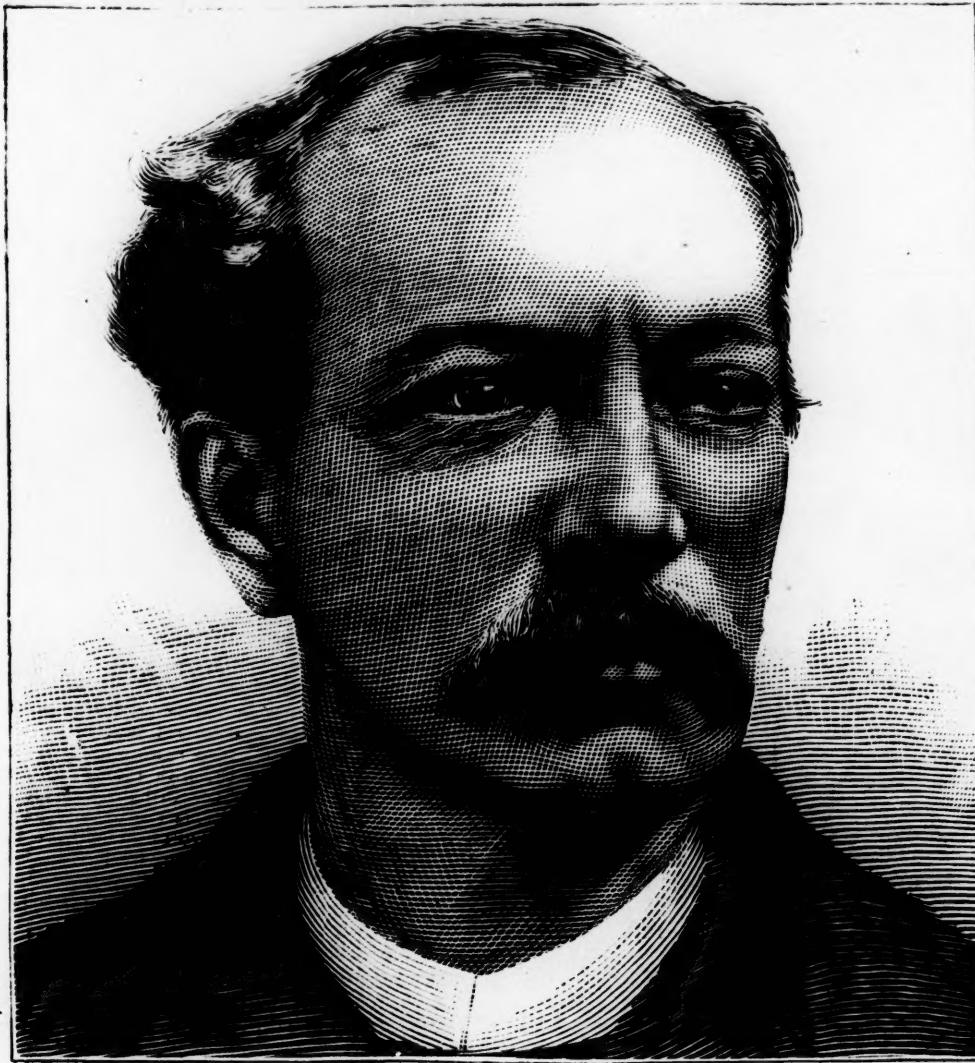
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CHARLES HAZLETON,  
THE ACTIVE AND ENERGETIC REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS NEWSPAPER IN THEATRICAL CIRCLES  
UP TOWN.



RUTH STETSON,  
ONE OF THE GRACEFUL AND PICTURESQUE YOUNG ACTRESSES WHO HAVE ENLISTED UNDER THE  
BANNER OF BURLESQUE.



HENRY R. LAWRENCE,  
ALIAS "LORD PEINBROKE," A SWELL SWINDLER  
WHO WILL SPEND THE NEXT EIGHT YEARS  
IN STATE PRISON.



CASPER WENGER,  
CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS AND KILLED BY  
DETECTIVE N. G. EVANS, THE OUTRAGED  
HUSBAND, AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.



GUS LAMBERT,  
WHO SHOT HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW DEAD AND  
ATTEMPTED TO KILL HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF  
IN CHICAGO, ILL.



ALBERT H. BLAKESLEY,  
ALIAS MAJOR BELL, A SWINDLER WHO WORKED  
THE WHOLE STATE OF KANSAS, CAPTURED BY  
EX-SHERIFF POWELL, OF ELK COUNTY.



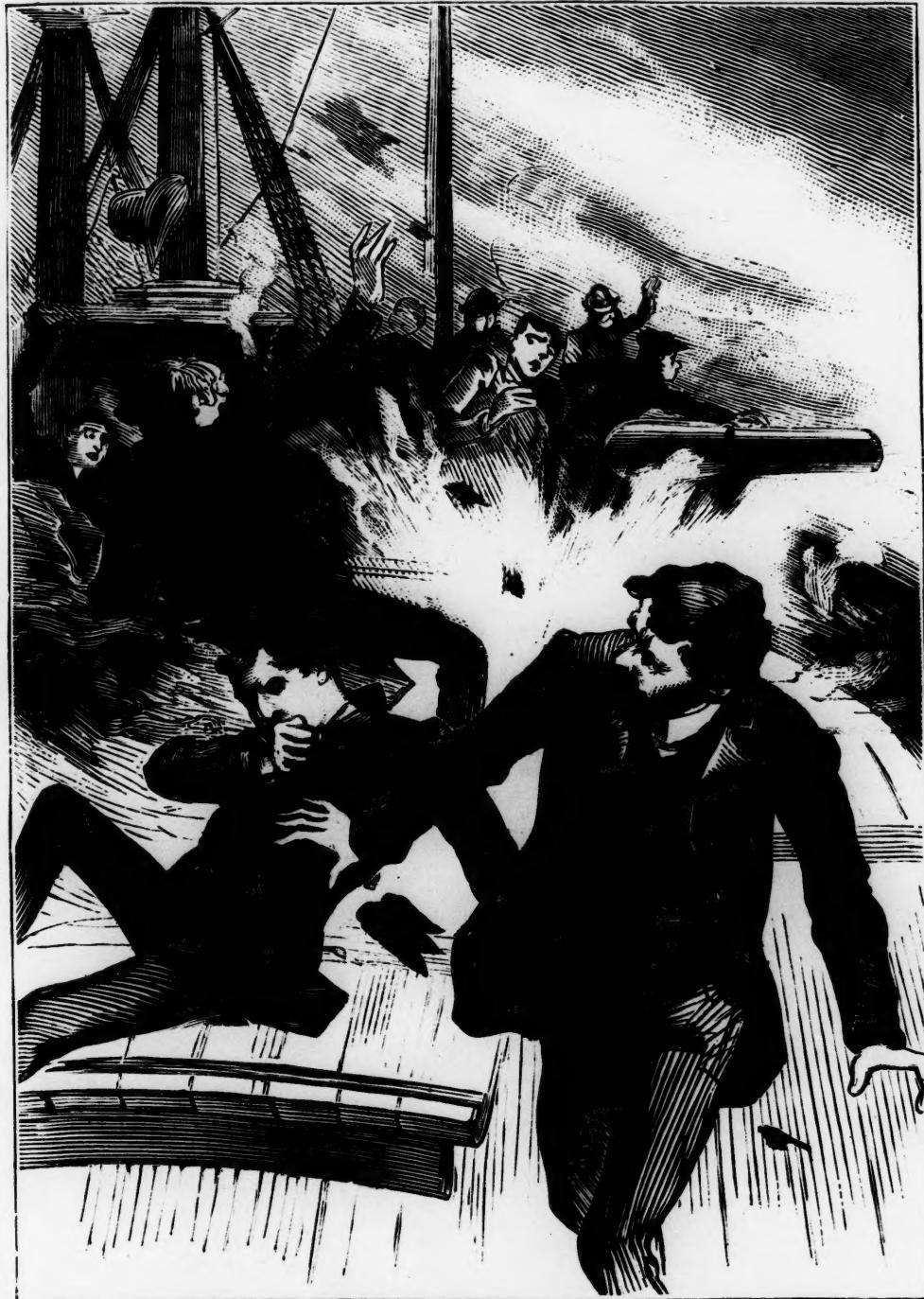
A DRUNKEN WIFE'S CRIME.

A NEW YORK WOMAN THROWS KEROSENE OIL ALL OVER HER HUSBAND AND THEN SETS  
IT AFIRE.



A FEMALE BURGLAR.

THE SURPRISING CAPTURE MADE ONE MORNING LATELY BY ONE OF THE DROWSY POLICEMEN  
OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.



A SAD FAREWELL.

THE LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT WHICH BEFELL SOME OF WILLIAM STEINWAY'S WORKMEN ON THE  
STEAMBOAT BLACKBIRD.



THEY LAID HIM OUT.

THE WIVES OF STRIKING QUARRYMEN MAKE THINGS MORE THAN LIVELY FOR THE SUPERINTENDENT  
OF THE WORKS AT NORRISTOWN, PA.



HE SCARED THEM ANYHOW.

THE PRACTICAL JOKE PLAYED BY CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON ON THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR GARNET WHILE AT ANCHOR IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

## THIS WICKED WORLD.

## A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

## GONE TO THE BAD.

Some time ago the *Aspen (Col.) Times* mentioned a collision between Nelson Fink, of that city, and a lawyer named Bell. The cause of the conflict was the fact that Bell had estranged the affections of Fink's wife, and had caused her to wander from the straight and narrow path of rectitude and virtue. To go back of the meeting between the injured and enraged husband and the despiser of his happiness. It seems that the guilty pair had for some time made a trysting-place of a house in the lower part of town. Their guilty meetings had been carried on for some weeks, the husband during the time being entirely unconscious of his wife's infidelity. All at once she took a



MRS. FINK.

notion to visit her parents in Lawrence, Kan. The unsuspecting husband, willing and anxious to do anything that would promote his wife's happiness, consented to the visit. The result was, in a few days she took the stage for Leadville, where her husband understood she would take the train for the home of her childhood. The next day Mr. Bell rolled out for the great carbonate camp; nothing was thought of this, as it might have been purely accidental, until Mr. Fink, the indulgent husband, was the recipient of the news that Bell and Mrs. Fink had registered at the Grand Hotel, in Leadville, as Mr. and Mrs. Bell. It would be impossible to describe the mortification of the unsuspecting and affectionate husband when this terrible announcement was made to him. At first he refused to believe it; his faith in his wife could not be shaken by such a calumny, and not until other evidence that could not be disputed had been given him would he entertain the thought that she whom he believed was the best and purest of her sex could be guilty of such a charge.

The fearful truth, however, came in such a way that his eyes were opened and he realized that his home was broken up, that his happiness was destroyed and that he was a ruined and dishonored man. A few weeks after, Bell had the temerity to return to Aspen, and it was on this occasion that Fink met him and inflicted what chastisement he could before Bell retreated and locked himself in his room until the next morning, when he left the town and has not since returned. To come back to Mrs. Fink. After staying in Leadville a day or two with her paramour, the two went to Denver, from which place she started East. That was the last that was heard of her until recently, when her husband, who had in the meantime begun proceedings for divorce, learned that she was an inmate of a house of ill-fame in Kansas City, kept by a woman named Fanny Wilson. He at once sent a summons to the sheriff of Kansas City, to be served on the recreant wife. A photograph accompanied it in order to assist in identifying the woman, as she was doubtless going under another name. The summons and photograph were given to Deputy Sheriff Sittington, of Kansas City, and the officer started out to find her. He did not have long to search, for sure enough at

picture that identified her with the place of degradation where she was found, but without avail. The summons was returned to Aspen duly served, and the woman that was once an ornament to her sex is now the defendant in a divorce case.

This is not the first escapade in which a woman was concerned that Mr. Bell has had. He succeeded in creating quite a sensation in Leadville some years ago on account of a variety actress named Edna Wellington, a full account of which was published in the papers of that city. His last adventure has destroyed the happiness of a family, and forever blasted his prospects among the people where he had made his home. It is understood that he is anxious to return to Aspen, but the fear of meeting Fink, who still thirsts for vengeance, prevents him.

## BLEEDING A MILLIONAIRE.

The half-million-dollar breach of promise suit brought against E. J. Baldwin, the California millionaire, by Miss Louise C. Perkins, of Los Angeles, excites much interest in San Francisco. The plaintiff alleges that on or about April 12, 1883, at San Francisco, the defendant, E. J. Baldwin, promised to marry her within a reasonable time; that in consideration of this promise she has since remained unmarried; that the defendant afterward married another person, one Miss Bennett, about the month of May, 1884, contrary to his promise, wherefore, Miss Perkins demands judgment against Baldwin in the sum of \$500,000, to the extent of which she claims her affections were damaged. Miss Perkins is a petite brunette of some beauty, about twenty years old, with large, dark eyes. Some four years ago her father rented a patch of land at Los Angeles from E. J. Baldwin. She was then sixteen years old and known as a quiet, good, innocent little girl. She went along with her father one day in the wagon to open the gates for him, when she met Baldwin for the first time.

From that moment Baldwin's visits to the house of his tenant were frequent, and he professed great interest in Louise's welfare. He proposed to take the girl to San Francisco to have her educated in the best institutions, but her mother, a very intelligent and much respected woman, disengaged the proposition. Instead of placing her in an educational institution, Louise claims Baldwin took her to the Palace Hotel, of which he is the owner, and said he wished to marry her. She claims she has his written promise of marriage, after receiving which she ceased opposition to his wishes, being dazzled by the brilliant prospects he held out. She also alleges that Baldwin introduced her to his daughter by a former marriage as the latter's future stepmother, and that the girl used her to coax dresses from her father.

At last, after repeated appeals from her mother, whose suspicions were aroused, Louise returned to Los Angeles and went to work as a saleslady in a store in that city. Anonymous letters were received by her employers, which caused her discharge, and in her desperation she eloped with Will Fallon, of San Jose, to San Bernardino.

A short time ago, her friends allege, Baldwin visited the store and arranged an interview with her that evening, when he informed her that he was tired of his present wife, to whom he had been married only a year, and said he was going to get rid of her, and as Miss Perkins was the only woman he ever loved he was going to fulfill his promise to her, as soon as he got rid of his wife.

The reason assigned by the mother of the girl for not bringing the suit sooner was the aversion of the family to publicity, an objection which her late escapee has removed. The millionaire, on being served with the papers, staggered and dropped into a chair, and appeared dazed for a time. His last was his fourth marriage. Miss Bennett was but a girl of twenty when he married her a year ago. He is sixty. It will be remembered that he was shot at about the time of his marriage by a young girl who claimed to be a cousin, and that he had betrayed her.

## CHARACTERISTIC FEMALE THEFTS.

A pale, refined-looking girl, out of a situation, was taken into a family the other day, out of pity, until she could "get a place," writes Jennie June. The third day she disappeared with the eldest daughter's cherished bangles and a pair of \$14 boots, made to order, and sent home for the mother. The theory was a too rapid development of taste. Had she been a practiced thief it was thought she would have carried off also some heavy and ugly gold hand bracelets, which were equally within her reach. But her tastes were aesthetic, and she took those things that appealed to them. It is said that male thieves complain that the "liking" of women for special things that appeal to their sentiments, or their fancy, impairs their efficiency as coadjutors.

In other words, few women are found who really steal for its own sake, or with a single eye to what can be made by melting down or "turning over" the property thus acquired. They are tempted by the "latest thing," which is often worth little intrinsically, or by something of fine and elaborate workmanship, well enough as a possession, but worth little to sell, and dangerous to sell or to keep. Experienced thieves, it is said, avoid these highly individualized articles, which cost so much and sell for so little, and prefer solid gold or silver, on which the value is put into weight, not into workmanship.

## ELOPING WITH A RED-HEADED NEGRO.

Mrs. John Fisher, a comely white woman, the wife of John Fisher, an employee at the salt well, New Lisbon, Ohio, has eloped with a negro, one Mahorney, who figured in the Hunter murder trial. Mahorney is not at all prepossessing and, despite his dusky skin, has a shock of flaming red hair. He came from Sallerville and has been employed at the tile works. In some inexplicable way he alienated the affections of Mrs. Fisher from her husband, and went to Leetonia, where it is believed she was joined by Mahorney, who drew his wages and disappeared. An officer is on their track. Mrs. Fisher was married when only fifteen to Mr. Fisher, the match being the result of an elopement.

## SELLING KENTUCKY NEGROES INTO SLAVERY.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

An immense crowd gathered in front of the courthouse, Richmond, Ky., May 6, to witness a public sale of negroes. They were sold into slavery to the highest and best bidder. One man brought \$38 for twelve months' service, one \$14 for three months, and a woman 25 cents for twelve months. The sales were made under the vagrant laws of the State.

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MR. BELL.

Fanny Wilson's baguio he found the object of his search. She was known among her companions in shame as Kitty Bell, having clung to the name of her destroyer as if she was loath to part from it. The officer showed her the picture, and asked her if that was her photograph. At sight of it the woman turned deadly pale; she trembled and sank almost helpless on a sofa. As soon as she was able to speak, she gasped:

"Yes, give to me."

The officer, however, was firm in his duty, and read the summons to her. She begged and pleaded for the

## LILLIAN RUSSELL MARRIED.

## Mr. Edward Solomon, the Composer, at Last Made Happy.

A coach drawn by a handsome team of horses, one black and one dapple-brown, drew up at 1 o'clock this afternoon of May 10, in front of 213 West Forty-fourth street. A few minutes later two young men and a handsome blonde woman came from the house and entered the coach, which then started for the Christopher street ferry.

The handsome woman was Mrs. Harry Braham, whose maiden name was Helen Louise Leonard, but who is more widely known as Lillian Russell, the actress. Her companions were Edward Solomon, the composer of the operetta "Polly," in which Miss Russell takes the principal character, and Louis B. Allen, a clerk in the law office of Abraham H. Hummel. Mr. Allen was married very quietly, six weeks ago, to Maggie Handley, a member of Miss Russell's company, and he was now giving Mr. Solomon the benefit of his experience as a bridegroom at a wedding. Mr. Solomon and Miss Russell were off to be married in pursuance of a long-considered plan. They had waited a long time until Miss Russell was released from her previous marriage with Harry Braham. The latter had brought a divorce suit in which Mr. Solomon was named as the co-respondent, and Justice Donohue granted the divorce on Wednesday last. Mr. Solomon and Mrs. Braham then made preparations for an immediate marriage.

To avoid any question of illegality in a marriage in this State, he decided on having the ceremony performed in New Jersey. Friday was the day originally decided on, but it rained, and Miss Russell had a cold, and she said she did not want to be married on such a gloomy day, so it was postponed to Sunday. On Saturday Mr. Allen, under instructions from Mr. Hummel, went to Hoboken and made the necessary arrangements. He called on Chief Donovan of the Hoboken police, and the chief introduced him to the Rev. Peter Eirich, pastor of the St. Matthew's German Lutheran Church, at Hudson avenue and Eighth street. Mr. Eirich consented to perform the ceremony in the parlor of the parsonage at one o'clock on the following day. Miss Russell expressly stipulated that the day must be bright, and when it rained all Saturday night it looked as if there would be another postponement. The clouds were threatening until noon time, and then a fine day was assured. The carriage was ordered immediately, and the start took place as described above.

The coach reached the parsonage, 11 Eighth street, at 1:37 o'clock. Mr. Eirich had by that time given up hopes of seeing them, but had not left his house.

Mr. Allen got out first and helped Miss Russell out. She wore a plain walking costume, consisting of a plaited black silk skirt, an overskirt of black and white pin check trimmed with beading, a black brocade wrap, and a black straw hat trimmed with black velvet. Her blonde hair was piled up high on her head. She wore a corsage bouquet of pink roses.

Mr. Solomon stepped out after her. He wore a silk hat, a black spring overcoat, and brown loose trousers. Both were very cheerful. Miss Russell, who looked very stout in her street dress, climbed the high stoop rather laboriously, and Mr. Solomon followed. Miss Clara Eirich, the pretty daughter of the minister, had already opened the door. The three went into the front parlor and were there introduced to Mr. Eirich. He wore a long black coat, a white tie, and had a small prayer-book in his hand. He asked Mr. Solomon to step into the rear parlor. He there asked him his name, the name of the bride, of their parents, and whether there was any obstacle to the marriage. Mr. Solomon said Miss Russell was a divorced woman. Mr. Eirich made no objection to this and they returned to the front parlor and closed the folding-doors behind them. Some unexpected witnesses posted themselves in the rear parlor, including Miss Fannie Harrison, a relative of Chief Donovan, and Miss Bertha Timpkins, a daughter of Mayor Timpkins. These young ladies were friends of the minister's daughter, and they were only less pretty than the bride herself. The front parlor was a pleasant room and nicely furnished. A light-colored Brussels carpet covered the floor, the furniture was upholstered in crimson satin, there was an easel with a picture on it, and other pictures hung on the walls.

The young couple stood in front of a tall pier glass between the windows. Mr. Eirich read the simple Lutheran service from the prayer-book, and the bride and bridegroom made the responses in firm voices. Mr. Solomon handed a plain gold ring to the minister and he placed it on Miss Russell's finger. The service ended with the Lord's prayer. The names of Mr. Allen and the minister's daughter were taken as witnesses. Mr. Eirich said he would send the marriage certificate to Mrs. Solomon in a few days. Mr. Allen paid him a fee which was very satisfactory.

The couple who had entered the house at 1:37 came out man and wife at 1:50. Mrs. Solomon had not removed her hat or wrap. Mr. Solomon was first this time. He was very quiet. Mrs. Solomon was smiling.

They entered the carriage, recrossed the ferry, drove at once to their flat on the first floor of 213 West Forty-fourth street, and there had a wedding lunch.

## AN ACTOR ON AN EDITOR'S TRAIL.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

David Dalziel, whose exploits in journalism and dramatic affairs are notorious, publishes a weekly dramatic paper in Chicago, Ill. In his work he is assisted by Harry St. Maur, who will be remembered as the co-worker of Chizzola when that gentleman engineered Rosse's disastrous tour in this country. The last issue of Dalziel's paper contained an article to the effect that Mrs. Nat Goodwin (Eliza Weathersby) had picked Nat up out of the slums, that she had made him all that he is, and that he, having reached the pinnacle of fame and prosperity, had rewarded her with ingratitude, and now when she was an invalid, or nearly so, Nat had ceased to bestow upon her that affection which a dutiful husband should lavish upon his wife. Goodwin was last week playing at the Standard theatre. His attention was of course called to the article, and he at once started out for satisfaction. Mr. Dalziel was not at his office. It is a tradition that Mr. Dalziel is never in his office immediately after the publication of his paper. Mr. St. Maur, however, greeted the furious comedian blandly. Goodwin demanded the name of the author of the slanderous article. It was one of the rules of the office, Mr. St. Maur said, that the names of contributors should not be made public. Goodwin damned the rules of the office, and was finally informed that Dalziel was the responsible manager. Mr. St. Maur had no knowl-

edge of his whereabouts. After vigorously denouncing the cowardly author of the article, and saying that he had called to make him climb out of the window, Mr. Goodwin withdrew for the purpose of seeking Dalziel elsewhere. He hunted through the city all day in the rain, but the editor was in retirement. Next morning Goodwin took the trail, looking extremely savage. He said he was determined to have satisfaction in some shape.

## ALBERT H. BLAKESLEY, ALIAS MAJOR BELL.

## [With Portrait.]

Considerable excitement among the citizens of Kansas was occasioned by the escape of a notorious swindler from his custodians one night recently. A man calling himself Major B. Bell had been arrested for stealing and swindling on a wholesale plan in Elk county. He contracted for three or four farms, several lots and houses, wagons, horses and mules, lumber, goods and harness, borrowed \$200 from the Elk County Bank and was doing a land office business on his cheek in that unsophisticated community. He was getting along swimmingly until pay day was about to arrive, when he skipped out, taking away a span of mules by an accomplice, drove a team and buggy himself, and for a while successfully eluded capture. The indomitable Ex-Sheriff Powell set out on the chase. After various windings, he finally ran the old fox to the earth at Mount City, and brought him back to the scene of his depredations. Being attacked with diarrhoea and vomiting, through the mercy of Mr. Powell he was permitted to lodge at the Forest City Hotel and not be confined in the jail, which was crowded with criminals. Early in the morning, by some means, the prisoner eluded vigilance and escaped. Every means were taken at once to capture the man, but no trace was found until at last he was run down by the skillful Ex-Sheriff Powell, who has him safe in jail at present.

## A BURGLAR ARMED WITH SHEARS.

Frank G. Thrall is a book-keeper in the First National Bank in Oswego. He and his wife are members of the choir in Trinity M. E. Church. At about half-past seven on the evening of May 9, they left their home to practice with the choir, first locking the doors and windows, they supposed, and leaving their daughter Emma, aged about fifteen, and a younger one, aged about nine, alone. Emma put her sister in bed and sat down at the piano. While playing she became aware of the presence of some one in the room, and, looking up, saw two men, wearing moccasins and black masks, with holes cut in the masks for the eyes and nose. One of the men carried a butcher knife and a large pair of shears. He grasped the girl and warned her not to scream, under penalty of having her throat cut. He told her that he had nothing against her, but wanted to be revenged on her father. He then took the shears and cut off the girl's hair, which was very long and beautiful, and after doing this cut her dress into tatters. Meanwhile his accomplice had gone through the house, but secured nothing except what was on the dining-room table, including the castor, spoons, etc. As soon as the burglars left Emma screamed and called in the neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Thrall returned soon afterward. They can not account for the outrage.

## JOE WOOLLEY.

## [With Portrait.]

Joe Woolley was born in Birmingham, Eng., June 10, 1857. His first fight was with Joe Wilson, of Birmingham, Eng., with bare knuckles, whom he defeated in 1 hour and 40 minutes, on April 20, 1877. His second fight was with Albert Haynes, better known as "Artful," of Birmingham, Eng., on July 6, 1878. It was disturbed by the police, and on the second meeting Woolley was declared the winner. His third fight was with Charley Hippiss, of Birmingham, Eng., on Dec. 1, 1878, with bare knuckles, which resulted in a draw through police interference, after fighting 1 hour and 45 minutes. Shortly after his arrival in America he was matched to fight Frank Lyman to finish with hard gloves, whom he defeated in 1 hour and 9 minutes, on May 26, 1882. After this \$50 was deposited with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to make a match with any feather weight in the country, 110 to 112 pounds, for \$500 a side, which was not accepted by anybody for a period of six months.

## ATTACKED BY THE WIVES OF STRIKERS.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

A serious riot occurred at the quarries of the Conshocken Stone Company, at Norristown, Pa., May 7. The men struck for a raise from \$1.40 per day to \$1.50. They were notified to present themselves for the pay due them. When Foreman Benjamin Jacobs went to the quarry he was assailed by the wives and children of the quarrymen, who were hidden in cars and adjacent undergrowth. Mr. Jacobs was mercilessly pelted with stones and almost blinded with lime, which was thrown into his eyes. Before he could effect a retreat he was again assailed, this time with cinders and pieces of stone. He was knocked down and painfully injured. A locomotive approached and the mob dispersed. There were about thirty women and seventy boys in the crowd. The sheriff sent a deputy to quell the riot. Warrants were issued for the arrest of a number of the rioters.

## CHARLES HAZLETON.

## [With Portrait.]

Everybody in the show business knows Charlie Hazleton and everybody likes him. So everybody will be delighted to learn that he now represents this newspaper up town and presides urbanely over its handsome branch office on Union square.

## ANNIE HART.

## [With Portrait.]

We publish on the last page this week a capital portrait of Miss Annie Hart, a well-known and extremely popular young artist of the variety stage.

## RUTH STETSON.

## [With Portrait.]

Elsewhere will be found a striking picture of Miss Ruth Stetson, a young lady who is justly regarded as one of the prettiest and cleverest of all the young maidens in the burlesque service of Edward E. Rice.

## Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

## BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



Timothy J. Keefe, the celebrated pitcher of the New York Club, was born in Cambridge, Mass. His early years were spent with various amateur clubs in the vicinity of Boston, and it was not until the summer of 1875 that he made his *début* as professional player, when he received an engagement in Lewiston, Maine. In 1876 he played with the Our Boys, of Boston, and in Westboro the following season. During the early part of 1878 he played in Clinton, Mass., and finished the season in Utica, N. Y. He remained with the Uticas until Jim Mutrie came along in the early part of 1879 and stole him away and took him to New Bedford. In 1880 Keefe joined the Albany Club and played a few months with them until he received a tempting offer from the Troy League Club, when he severed his connections with the Albany Club and finished the season in Troy. He remained with the Troys until the fall of 1882, when he was secured by Manager Mutrie for the Metropolitan Club of this city. Keefe has done some most excellent work for the "Mets," and it was partly through his untiring exertions that the Metropolitans won the championship of the American Association last season. It was through the vexation and mortification of the American Association Club managers and officials in being outwitted by Manager Mutrie in their efforts to get Keefe that the Metropolitan Club was fined \$500 and Manager Mutrie unjustly expelled from an association with which he had no connection. Keefe's Bermuda trip will long be remembered.

The great and wonderful Cushman has had his heart pretty badly crushed on several occasions.

Unless the League rescind their new pitching rule Radbourne will be a sorry wreck of his former self.

It was a cold day when the Indianapolis Club struck Keokuk, and they got froze out to the tune of 12 to 6.

League work was too heavy for Crane, formerly of the Boston Unions, and he is now on the shelf for repairs.

The good old soft snap days of the Captain Price management have gone by, and Buck Ewing plays ball every game.

The American Association umpires have their hands full this season in trying to keep the pitchers' arms below their shoulders.

There is great discord in the Boston Club, and unless peace and harmony are restored the discipline of the club will be utterly destroyed.

The great Shaw pitched his first game for the Providence Club in New York May 4, and was pounded all over the field by the big slingers.

The defeated candidates at Yale University, in a recent game, knocked the tar out of the regulars, which made bloody war in the Yale College camp.

The Chicago Club players are all in first-class condition, and they are the only club from whom the New Yorks anticipate the slightest annoyance.

The Brooklyn management got the best of the Cleveland by securing the kicking propensities of the Cleveland players without having to pay bonus.

When Charlie Jones, of the Cincinnati Club, lights on the ball square, there is not the slightest doubt but it will go, without loitering even a little bit.

The "Mets" are beginning to look like sorry wrecks of the once famous champions, but it is still firmly believed in New York that they will get there yet.

The Springfield Club, of the Southern New England League, have secured a ratter in Jerry Turbidity, the noted sprint runner of last year's Saginaw.

Thomas Ramsey, of Rushville, Ind., who jumped his contract with Indianapolis, and signed with the Chattanoogas, is doing good work in the Southern League.

Manager Mutrie says that he is bound to capture the League championship this year, as the New Yorks are not only playing well together, but they are eating the ball.

Shaw gives an excellent reason for not having signed in Boston, which is the same reason which caused him to jump his contract last season--more money elsewhere.

The League are beginning to look at the American Association "fiddle" in a serious light, and they say if the Americans are looking for fight they will give them all they want.

The Detroit have been doing big work so far this season in the League championship arena, but the New Yorks will make them crawl into their holes before another month rolls by.

Dunlap, not liking the remarks of a would-be prize-fighter in regard to the reinstatement of the black-listed players, made a claret cask of the pugilist's nose, and tapped it for all it was worth.

Little Richardson will surprise the country this season if he keeps on as he has begun. Thus far he has taken New York by storm, and is in a fair way of becoming the king pin of ball-players.

The Providence Club, the very club who kicked the most against reinstating the black-listed players, was the very club that profited the most by it, as they captured the leading pitcher of the gang.

The captain of the Toledo Club was fined \$25 May 3 for shooting off his mouth at the umpire, while playing a game in Milwaukee. It is wonderful to see how quiet and gentlemanly he now is with the umpires.

Providence was the only club that objected violently to the black-listed players being reinstated, and they are the only club who have derived the most benefit, as they have secured the two leading pitchers, McCormick and Shaw.

The Dartmouth College boys of Hanover, who had not the collateral to see them through the season in the college championship race, were relieved from their embarrassing position by the aid of a fair which netted them \$250.

The Boston Club were in great luck in being able to sell their season tickets before the season opened, for if they had left them until the present time, with the ball they are playing, they wouldn't have been able to sell even a single ticket.

Mullane, instead of taking tickets at the Cincinnati grounds every day a game is played, sits in the grand stand, and many who notice his silk hat and drab overcoat take him for an English nobleman instead of a baseball-player in disguise.—*Boston Globe*.

The Boston Club is weak, and what is more, the management of the Club know that it is weak, and have offered the Detroit \$100 and \$500 respectively, for the release of Hannon and Bennett. In addition to which they offered the former \$2,500, and the latter \$3,500.

The Brown College boys thought it would be great sport to have a coon hunt, but when the nine coons showed up on the hunting grounds before them they found the place so odoriferous that they refused to stir up the coons and left the grounds without playing the game.

The Chattanooga Club imagine that some crooked work has been going on, and have suspended Bentel on the charge of selling games. This is a very serious charge, and club officials ought to look into the matter very carefully before they cast such a stigma upon any man's character.

It is more than likely that the American Association will do the sneak act, and will quietly crawl into their holes and have nothing more to say about the League reinstating their black-listed players, since they have discovered that the League has utterly ignored their request for a joint conference meeting.

Billy Taylor, of the Athletics, of Philadelphia, has been playing in pretty hard luck thus far this season, as the club has lost pretty nearly every game in which he has pitched, while Cushman, of whom he is green with envy, has been crowned with glory and has proved so effective that he is dubbed "the wizard."

General indignation is shown all over the country by the press and public over the cowardly and unreasonable action of the American Association in black-listing Mutrie and fining the Metropolitan Club. They can give no reason whatever for their action, and everybody looks upon it as a clear case of injustice and robbery.

The Southern League people have got great ideas of baseball, and if a man makes an error at a critical part of the game they are sure to lay him off on suspicion of crookedness, and thus cast a stigma on the poor fellow's character, which would be exceedingly difficult for him to wipe out, even though the charges against him were proven untrue.

The Providence people felt quite confident that their representative team would make sad havoc of the gilt-edged club of New York, but they were kind of crestfallen when the New Yorks knocked the boys out in two games out of three, and were only beaten in that one game through the outrageous decisions of the umpire, which were all in favor of the Providence Club.

Henry V. Lucas indignantly scoffed at the idea of taking the Metropolitan players as a League representative team for St. Louis, when they were offered to him in the early spring, and now, even since he has received all his black-listed players, he comes crawling around on his belly begging for some of the Metropolitan players, but McKinney is about the only man the Metropolitans have for sale at present.

A good example was set in Washington that could be followed in New York with marvelous effect. Two of the would-be very smart young men who commenced the cushion scaling act at the conclusion of the game were arrested, and, after spending a night with the lice and bedbugs in the police station, they were fined \$2 a piece in the Police Court next morning and allowed to retain their vermin.

Lew Simmons is beginning to kick on Coleman already, claiming that his big salary is given to him as a pitcher, and if he can't get in and pitch he will have to step down and out. Coleman has been doing giant work both at the bat and in the field, but Simmons claims that one dollar a week is a pitcher's salary, and he can't afford to pay any such price as that for fielder, as he can get any quantity of fielders for twenty-five to thirty cents a week.

John L. Sullivan has turned his attention to baseball. He visited Brockton, May 4, and pitched for the John L. Sullivan Baseball Club, but, to his great chagrin, discovered that baseball wasn't his game, as the countrymen knocked them out 14 to 0. Seven runs were made off of the slugger in two innings, when he retired to center-field and closed a brilliant game by making 11 errors out of 33, in six innings.

In comparing Denny with Williamson and Sutton, the Fall River News, which doesn't like the Greys, says: "Denny hits hard when he hits the ball,

which is not often. He makes some astonishing pick-ups and good throws, but he fails to capture that swift-batted ball that goes to his right hand, and some of his wild throws discount all the other third basemen combined. But his left-hand stops are brilliant and no mistake. Williamson and Sutton play much steadier."

The New Yorks promise great things, and Manager Mutrie expects the promise to be fulfilled.—*Exchange*. Jim, you will have a stock of broken promises on hand before the season is over unless your untamed animals mind the reins better than usual.—*Boston Globe*. The untamed animals mind the reins sufficiently to knock out the Bostons in every game, and from present indications Manager Mutrie will not have a single broken promise.

Billings, of the Boston Club, thinks nothing of going into a building and kicking the roof off. He struck New York a few days since and kicked so hard about the Providence Club stealing Shaw away from them that the gentlemen present contemplated sending for police protection. He heartily endorsed the action of the American Association in expelling Mutrie, and fined the Metropolitan Club \$500 because Mutrie had outwitted the other club officials in that association, and he insisted upon having a special League meeting called in order that similar action might be taken and Allen of the Providence Club expelled and the Providence Association fined \$500 for outwitting the Bostons in getting Shaw.

The American Association clubs, though baffled in each attempt to crush the Metropolitan Club, first by not securing votes enough to expel them, and next by imposing a \$500 fine, which they never dreamed would be paid—but which was paid under protest—are still figuring for the Metropolitan players.

They have even gone so far as to divide the players up among themselves. Orr is awarded to the Athletics, Nelson to Louisville, Holbert to Baltimore, and Lynch to Cincinnati. Independent of this private agreement between each other, they are quietly doing the cut-throat act by trying to get the best of one another. Louisville has made overtures to Orr and Roseman in addition to their award of Nelson. Barrie, on the quiet, is trying for Nelson, Orr, Reipschlag, Hankinson and Roseman, while Lucas has turned around and offered Day a big premium for the entire team. Mr. Day says, however, that the Metropolitan Club will remain in New York city and play as their representative team in the association. He said if he had entertained the slightest intention of disbanding the club he would not have paid the \$500 fine.

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HENRY R. LAWRENCE, ALIAS "LORD PEINBROKE."

[With Portrait.]

A handsome young man, wearing stylish clothes and a long blonde mustache, was arraigned before Recorder Smyth and pleaded guilty to an indictment for larceny. He gave the name of Henry R. Lawrence. He had been brought from Chicago, where he was arrested. Inspector Byrnes said the man's true name was Adolph H. H. Kleescamp, and he disclosed a part of the man's career as a swindler. Kleescamp was born in Chicago. He was married some years ago to a Miss Taylor, of Rochelle, Ill. He deserted her and went to Los Angeles, Cal., where he married Ellen Richards, daughter of a wealthy merchant. By means of forgery and swindling operations he obtained about \$20,000, and then fled from Los Angeles. Under a new name he appeared in San Francisco, representing himself as a jeweler of Los Angeles, and obtained about \$6,000. After that he returned to his second wife and robbed her. Returning to Chicago, he lived for several months in the style at various hotels, swindling most of the proprietors. Then he came to New York and obtained employment with Horace B. Winston, publisher, 234 Broadway, as a canvasser. He was known as Harry R. Sheldon. In four months he stole \$700 belonging to his employer. Suddenly he took passage on a steamer for Europe, calling himself Lord Peinbroke. The son of a St. Louis banker was on the same vessel, and felt so much honored by the attentions of the supposed nobleman that he was easily swindled out of a check for \$5,000. Kleescamp not only obtained money for the check in Paris, but he also sent a dispatch to the young man's father in St. Louis, stating that he had been robbed, and asking for funds by telegraph. The swindler returned to New York last September on a Cunard steamer, and made the acquaintance of two young Englishmen, Thomas and Joseph Quinlin, during the journey. By his advice they went to the Hotel Devonshire, and Thomas Quinlin deposited \$500 in the hotel safe. Kleescamp managed to get possession of the receipt for the money, and, after showing the young men about town, parted from them on the second day after arrival, in Central Park, and went to the hotel, drew the \$500, and took passage for Europe the same afternoon. Thomas Quinlin met the swindler in Illinois unexpectedly two weeks ago, and caused his arrest. Kleescamp made a stubborn fight there to prevent his transfer to this city. He will serve the next eight years in State Prison.

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JOE WALSH.

[With Portrait.]

On another page will be found a portrait of the rising professional skater, Joe Walsh, who was recently matched for the championship of America and defeated by Wm. Whelpley, the St. John champion, after which he defeated Tim Donahue, who, it will be remembered, recently won distinction in the several contests for the amateur championship at New York city. Notwithstanding the reverse he received from Whelpley, Walsh's many friends have confidence in his prowess and stability to go to the front again. Trained as he was in the style of the "old school," in which it was believed he had no peer, he has found the necessity of applying himself to the methods of the new—*the Paulsen motion*, for example—in which he found his formidable antagonist, Whelpley, a skilled exponent. Walsh is but twenty-three years of age, was born where he now lives at New Windsor, a picturesque cliff on the Hudson, adjoining Newburgh, N. Y., the scene of some famous aquatic contests of the past. Modest and unassuming though he is, it is his ambition and confidence in the near future to reclaim and hold the championship of America's frozen waters.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

[IN CONSTIPATION.]

Dr. J. N. ROBINSON, Medina, O., says: "In cases of indigestion, constipation and nervous prostration, its results are happy."

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## HURT WHILE SAYING GOOD-BY.

The Accident Which Befell Some of William Steinway's Employees While Bidding Him Farewell.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. William Steinway, the piano manufacturer, was a passenger on the steamer Elbe, bound for London May 6. His employees chartered the excursion steamer Blackbird to accompany Mr. Steinway down the bay. On the forecastle deck was a small cannon, and on the main deck below a big box, holding 100 cartridges. The Ninth regiment band blew lively and sentimental strains until the boat reached the Elbe's pier at Hoboken. Then the crowd climbed on the Elbe's deck, piled up a lot of floral designs, and after some speech-making the crowd returned to the Blackbird.

She was lying at the end of the pier just astern of the Elbe. The men in charge of the cannon began firing a salute. They do not know how many guns they fired, but they recollect that the muzzle of the gun was pointed to windward, and that the burning wadding floated back on the deck, where some of the children chased it about, until one piece fell on a pile of cartridges. The only man who has a distinct recollection of what happened next is George Taylor, a deck hand. George saw burning debris from the explosion fall into the box that held nearly 100 cartridges, enough to blow the bow off the boat. He picked the box up and dropped it overboard.

When Capt. Clark and other members of the crew reached the bow, they found five men and boys lying and sitting on the deck and 500 others crowding around them, asking them if they were hurt. Capt. Clark headed the boat for New York. The wounded were taken to Chambers Street Hospital. They were:

Henry Grater, seventeen years old, 453 East Fifty-sixth street, right side of face and head, right eye, and both hands burned.

Loren Anderson, thirty-six years old, Astoria, face badly burned.

William Teats, thirty-two years old, Astoria, and his son, August, nine years old, both badly burned in the face. Right eye of the child probably destroyed.

Blighard Baeker, forty years old, Astoria, face and hands burned.

Henry Grater said in the afternoon that he was sitting on the deck near the gun at the time, and that the others who were hurt were all in a group. The wounded were taken from the hospital to their homes. The rest of the excursionists accompanied the Elbe to Sandy Hook.

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## A FEMALE BURGLAR CAPTURED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A masked burglar cut his way into the residence of Mr. G. H. Alwell, a wealthy shoe manufacturer on Twenty-fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis., early on the morning of May 9, and ransacked the house. The burglar was probably the same one who robbed millionaire Ray's house two days before. Mrs. Alwell was awakened and at the point of a pistol was forced to hunt up all the jewelry, money and valuables in the house, and deliver them to the robber. Mr. Alwell had just returned from New York, and was sleeping soundly, and during all this time was not awakened. Several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry and money was secured. Later in the morning a burglar jumped from a third-story window in another part of the city and was captured. A neatly-dressed woman, who entered the house with him, was also caught.

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## HE GAVE THEM A SCARE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the night of May 5, Captain Paul Boyton, the inventor of the rubber life-saving suit, went down New York Harbor, accompanied by several reporters, in a boat, and attached a big rubber bag, representing a torpedo, to the side of the British corvette *Garnet*. As he was returning to his rowboat he was overhauled by the *Garnet*'s steam launch and taken prisoner, the crew of the launch covering him with their rifles. On making an explanation of the case he was duly released. Ever since, the British men-of-war in port have had torpedo nettings over their bows.

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## THE BABY WEIGHED HALF A POUND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The wife of George Virrlien, an employee of Winter's brewery, New York, gave birth recently to a girl baby weighing just half a pound. The child was perfectly formed, and her little head had quite a growth of flaxen hair. The diminutive features bore a ludicrous resemblance to those of the mother. The minute babe lived about twenty-seven hours. While she was alive she was visited by many physicians and several officers of the Health Department. Mrs. Virrlien's four other children, the eldest of whom is fifteen, are of ordinary size.

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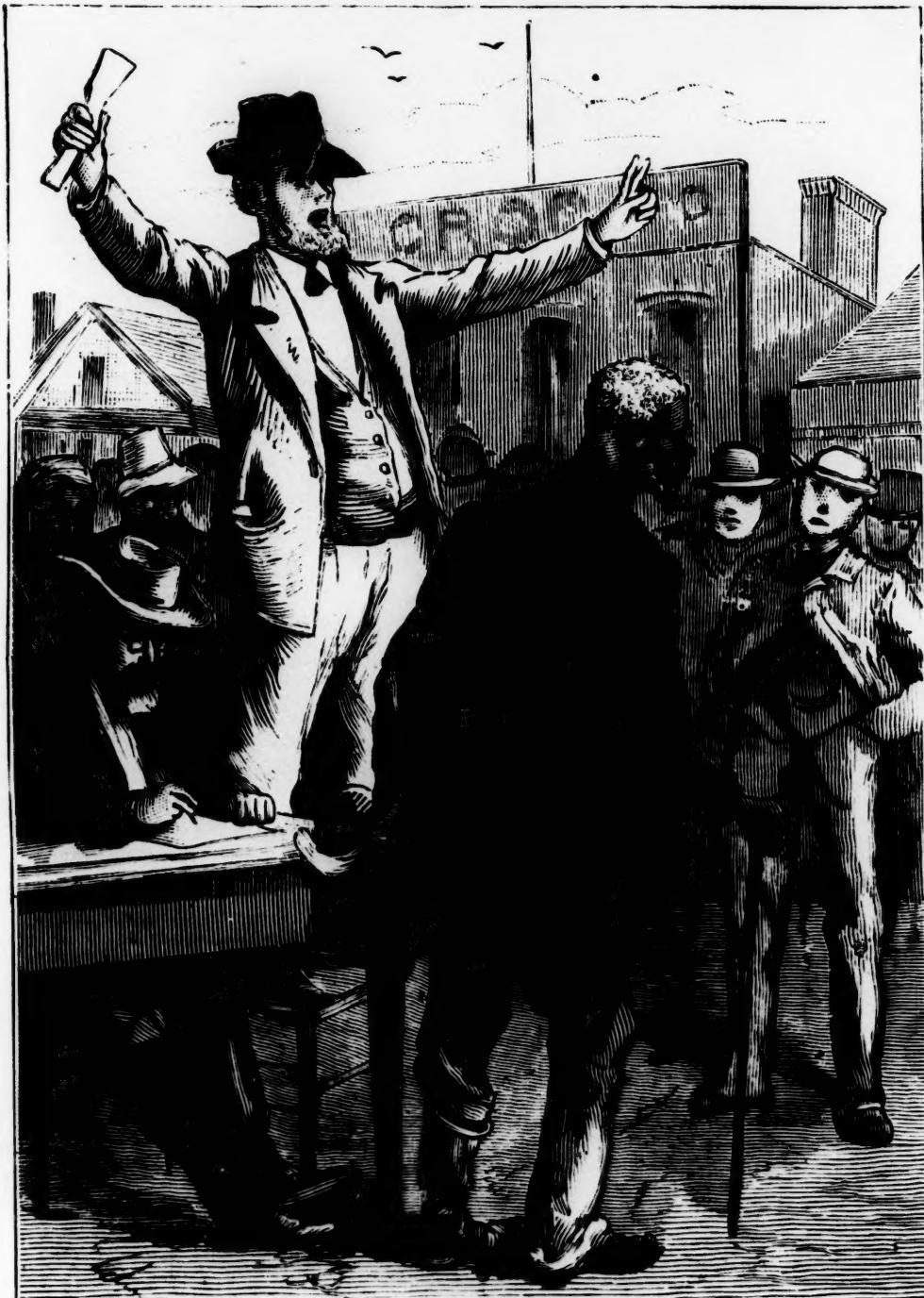
## A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL ARRESTED FOR HORSE-STEALING.

[Subject of Illustration.]



HIS LAST SUPPER.

MURDERER CHARLES H. RUGG IS WAITED UPON AND BANQUETED IN HIS CELL ON THE EVE OF HIS EXECUTION BY SOME OF THE SILLY DAMSELS OF LONG ISLAND.



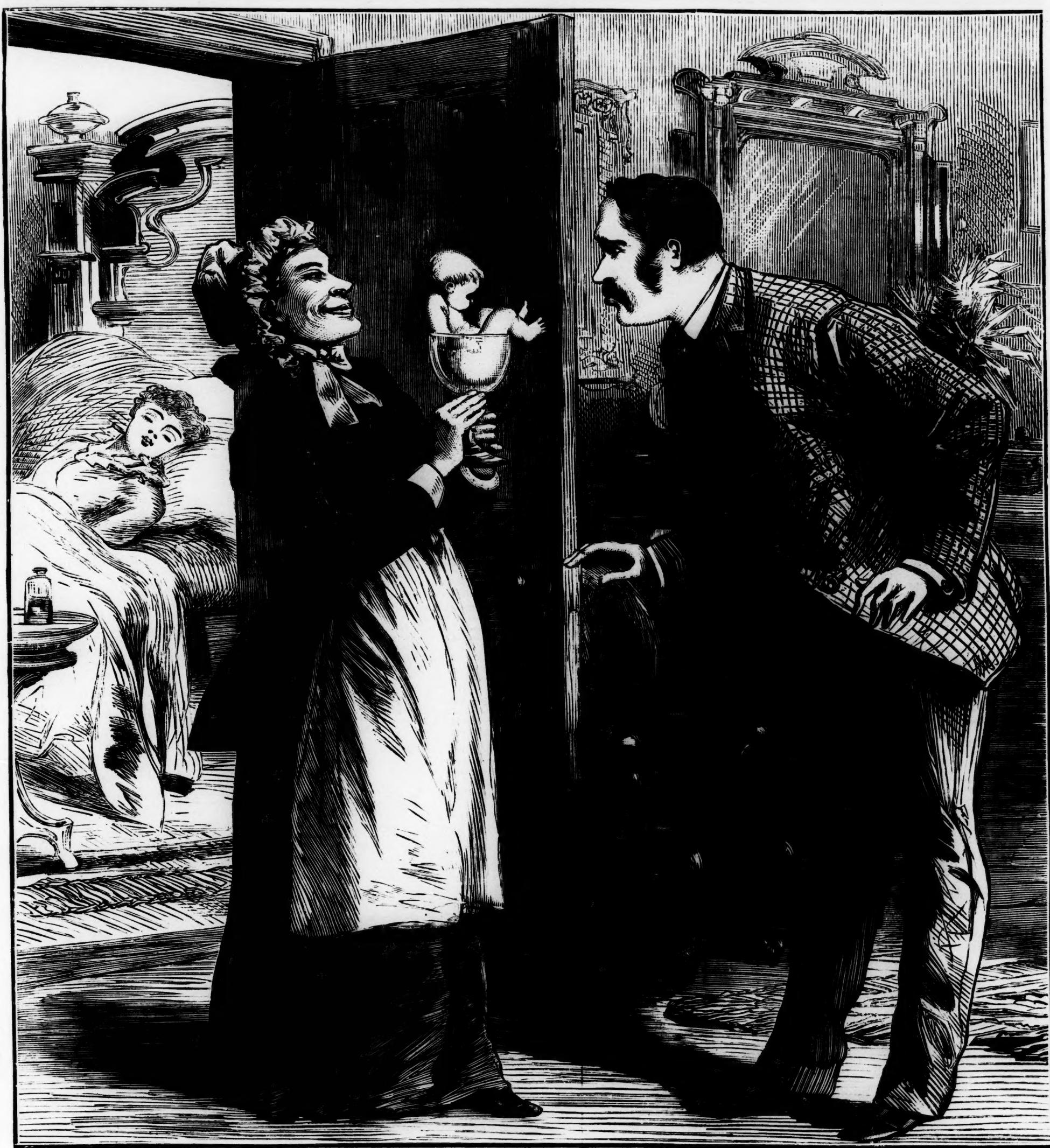
SLAVERY DAYS ONCE MORE.

HOW A CUSTOM WHICH IS POPULARLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ABOLISHED STILL THRIVES  
IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.



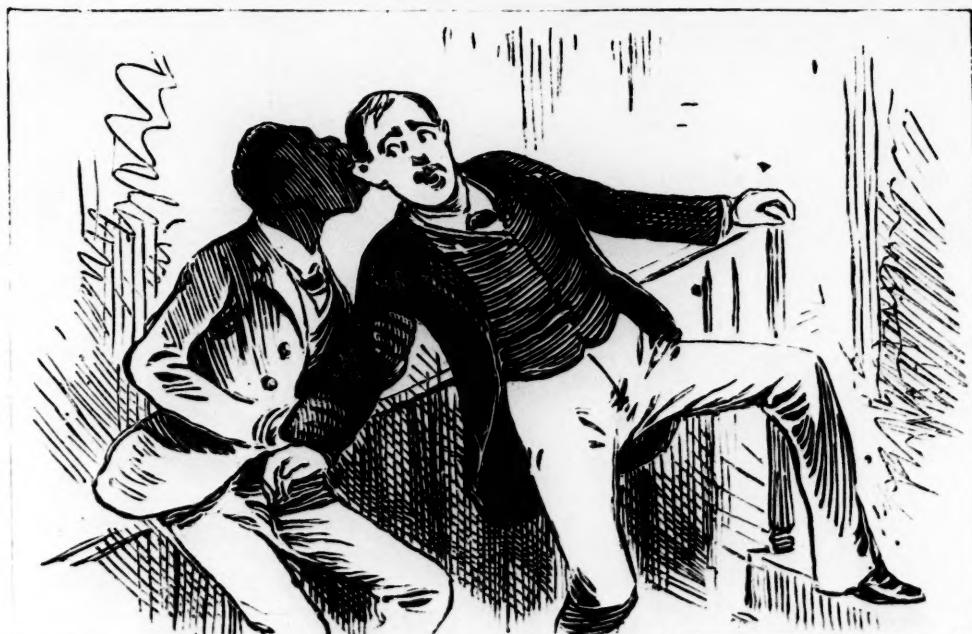
SERGEANT CROWLEY'S VICTIM.

THE EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST TAKEN IN MAGGIE MORRIS' CASE JUSTIFIES EXCEPTIONAL  
PRECAUTIONS ON THE PART OF THE POLICE.



TOO LITTLE TO LIVE.

A STOUT YOUNG GERMAN BREWER IS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF THE FATHER OF THE SMALLEST CHILD IN THE WORLD.



A NEW STYLE OF BOUNCE.

THE COLORED JANITOR OF THE ALEXANDER MUSEE ADOPTS A NOVEL METHOD OF FORCIBLE EXPULSION THEREFROM.



HE REMEMBERED THE FIGHT.

LAUGHING-GAS HAS A WONDERFUL EFFECT ON A GENTLEMAN WHO WANTS HIS TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arienic Events of the Week.

**Jimmy Murray and Johnny Files,** the pugilists, concluded an engagement at Philadelphia on May 9.

**Charley Norton,** the retired light-weight champion pugilist, is trying to buy a sporting house at Newark, N. J.

**Tom Henry,** the well-known light weight, is eager to box any light weight in America 4 rounds, Queensberry rules.

**Pete McCoy,** the well-known middle-weight pugilist, is trying to induce sporting men to raise a purse for him to meet George La Blanche in a contest with gloves.

**John Maynard,** a brother to Harry Maynard, who keeps a large sporting house in San Francisco, has been on a visit to Gotham. He called at this office, and was surprised at the large picture-gallery and surroundings. He was to leave for San Francisco on the 9th inst.

**Dominick McCaffrey,** the well-known pugilist, in conjunction with his brother, has opened a first-class sporting house, No. 146 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg. It is near the corner of Grand street, and opposite the Court House. It is elegantly fitted up, and will be the leading sporting house in the Smoky City.

**John L. Sullivan,** the champion pugilist of the world, has organized a baseball nine and he occupies the pitcher's plate, and by practice he is doing the curve with satisfaction. The nine are composed as follows: Fox, short-stop; Brown, catcher; Sullivan, pitcher; Grant, first base; Collins, second base; Bent, third base; Dolan, center field; Taylor, right field; Delodge, left field. The nine is managed by Patsy Sheppard, and have met with great success at Brockton, Billingsford and Lowell. Recently in a game, Sullivan, trying to catch a hot liner from the bat, had one of the tips of his little fingers injured.

**John J. Flynn will open the Rotunda sporting house,** in front of iron pier at Sea Beach, Coney Island, on May 30. The Rotunda will be one of the greatest sporting resorts on the Island. A host of talent has been engaged. Among the pugilistic division who have signed contracts to appear are Jimmy Murray, Johnny Files, of Chicago; Mike Mulry, of Providence; Paddy Lee, of England; Joe Denning, of Brooklyn, E. D., and Steve Taylor. John McMahon, the champion sailor-and-tugboat wrestler, and Pat Crowley, of New Haven, Conn., and a host of others have been engaged.

In a room in the suburbs of this city, on May 9, Paddy Smith, of Brooklyn, and Jack Hopper, of Providence, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, with small gloves, for a purse of \$250. In the twelfth round Smith, who had the lead in the fighting, fell and injured his knee, and his seconds threw up the sponge and Hopper was declared the winner. The contest lasted 45 minutes, 50 seconds. Smith weighed about 145 pounds, while Hopper only weighed 124 pounds. The gloves used only weighed four ounces. The idea of Smith holding the signals of distress when he had the contest won, on account of an injured knee, caused considerable discussion.

**At Foster's Opera House, Des Moines,** recently there was a slashing glove contest between Prof. Hawley, of Des Moines, and Harry Williams, the middle-weight champion of Scotland, Billy McAfferty, of Philadelphia, was time-keeper, and Morris Lynch, of Des Moines, and Mr. Nichols, of Chicago, were referees. Time was called and both men stepped promptly out and the mill began. Williams seemed to be in much better condition than Hawley, although both men proved to be splendid sparringers. In the first round some very good work was done. Hawley was the hardest hitter, but Williams was more active. The round ended with Hawley apparently having the advantage of his opponent, having felled him early in the round. "Time!" yelled Billy McAfferty, and the men began to pound each other. Things seemed to be going pretty evenly, Hawley striking like a pile-driver and Williams doing splendid and active work, when suddenly the latter struck his opponent a blow on the jugular vein and felled him flat. Time was called. When the third round was called it was evident that Hawley was sparring at a great disadvantage, but held his own well, and when the round was finished an officer stepped up to the stage and ordered the sparring to cease. Charlie Baxter, master of ceremonies, stepped to the front and blandly said: "Gentlemen, we will have to adjourn." The audience began to hiss: "You needn't hiss," said Baxter. "We have orders from the city officers to stop and there is nothing to do but obey."

**About fifty sporting men assembled at a private resort** in this city on May 8, to witness a glove contest between C. Norton, of New London, Conn., and Jack Burgess, of Brooklyn, for a purse of \$500. Norton weighed 185 pounds, measured 5 feet and 11 inches and was in prime condition, not having an ounce of flesh to spare. Burgess weighed 184 pounds, measured 5 feet 7½ inches, but his right wrist was weak, having been sprained two weeks before. Otherwise he was in first-rate trim. The pugilists had agreed to fight 6 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, with 4-ounce gloves. George Roach was the referee. In the first round little fighting was done. The second, third and fourth rounds were decidedly in Norton's favor. In the fifth round Burgess fell off with a straight counter under Norton's eye, which did not, however, prevent Norton from delivering a hard blow in return. Then there was a little careful sparring in order to get breath. Burgess used his right hand with terrific force, but the force of the blow came upon Burgess' weak wrist, spraining it and making it utterly useless. Norton then had things all his own way, and chased his antagonist as he pleased. When time was called it was evident that Norton would be victor. Burgess, however, stepped up for the sixth round, and fought gamely with one hand. Norton punished him throughout, showering blows on the neck, on the body and on the head. As Norton was still standing when time was called, the referee declared in his favor, and the money was handed over.

**At the Brower Association Athletic Club rooms at Boston,** on May 6, George La Blanche, the champion 150-pound pugilist, was tendered a benefit. The programme included four 3-round and three 6-round set-tos. The opening bout, a 3-round one between Young Daley, of Manchester, N. H., and Peter Cronin, of Boston, was devoid of science, but had its redeeming features in the endeavors of Cronin to hit something he could not see. A 6-round affair was next called, and introduced, as competitors, Tommey, of Lawrence, and Snee, of Haverhill. The former was the heavier man by about 10 pounds, and in affairs of this kind had had the more experience. Snee was game and scientific, however, and more than held his own throughout the 6 rounds, and George La Blanche, who filled the position of referee, declared the contest a draw. Jack Maglone, of Natick, Mass., and Johnny Keagen, of Lawrence, fought 6 rounds. From the moment time was called both pugilists fought earnestly to win. In the third round Keagen tried hard to knock Maglone out, and in return received a tremendous right-hand blow on the jaw, which ended the contest. Jack Green and Jack Harrington gave 3 rounds, being followed by George La Blanche, the Marine, and John Usher, of Lynn, with the same number. The Lynn party is clever in gloves, and was suffered to do a great deal by the Marine, which provoked the cheers and laughter of the spectators. The last affair of the night was looked forward to as the great event on the programme. It introduced a great burly fellow called Jack Walsh, of some West End club, and a light, dapper young fellow from the Marine corps named George Wilson. Wilson got to work at once, walking all around the West End man, planting either hand at pleasure and getting but slightly punished in return.

**A fierce and desperate glove contest was decided at** Neche, D. T., on April 29, between Ed. McKeown, of Manitoba, the champion heavy-weight pugilist of Canada, and Benny Arthur's champion of Montana. The men fought according to the "Police Gazette" Revised rules for \$500. Intense interest was manifested over the affair, and both the Manitoba and the Montana champion had many admirers. A special train had been chartered to carry the pugilists and spectators, and it left Winnipeg at 3 A. M. packed with sporting men of all grades and shades. Dick Burden and Judd La More were selected to fill the position of time-keepers, while Billy Hawkins, of Toronto, was chosen referee. Arthur, who had stripped early in the evening, appeared to be in the pink of condition, a result brought about by a system of strict training, and judging by his smiling countenance, he entertained no fears of the result. He weighed in the neighborhood of 178 pounds and was handled by Frank Slocum. McKeown was not long in investing himself of his ordinary wearing apparel and donning his ring costume. He was evidently "in condition," and the openly expressed opinion was that he could not be beaten. He was some-

what lighter, but taller than his opponent. Robert Dunbar and his brother Pete looked after his interests. Everything being in readiness the referee gave the word for the commencement of hostilities. The seconds cordially grasped each other's hands, the principals did likewise, and the fight commenced.

**Round 1—** Both men sparred cautiously, awaiting an opportunity which was slow to present itself. Arthurs was the first to lead, but fell short, and McKeown let fly a vicious left-hander at the face, which brought the claret. Owing to the position of the men, McKeown's seconds could not see the result of the blow and consequently did not claim first blood for their man until McKeown called their attention to it. Arthurs evidently did not like the proceeding, as he sailed in and got home a terrific body blow, which seriously troubled his man. The latter then assumed the offensive, and was somewhat exasperated as Arthurs danced all over the ring and called upon him to stand squarely up and fight it out. Both men got in some good blows, and it was evident that the face was to be the objective point on both sides. Time was called, with the honors even.

**Round 2—** McKeown was quickly to work, sending home a terrific blow to the mouth, which Arthurs repaid with interest with a stinging one on the side of the face, causing a good-sized swelling to quickly appear. Short-arm fighting followed, resulting in a clinch, which was broken by the referee's command. McKeown then went over to his man, and led out with his left, getting home with force in the region of the face, to which Arthurs replied with one eye, causing the blood to flow. The latter was beginning to show signs of distress when time was called.

**Round 3—** This was a regular give-and-take affair, in which McKeown did some terrible execution on his opponent's frontispiece and enjoyed a like favor in return. Both were doing effective work, which led the partisans of either man to encourage them. When the round closed, an officer of the law stepped into the ring and informed the audience that unless they refrained from demonstrations of any kind he would stop the fight. Of course his wishes were readily and faithfully complied with.

**Round 4 and 5—** Nothing of any consequence was effected in these rounds, save that McKeown's left eye bled freely and caused him some inconvenience. Very little fighting was indulged in, Arthurs remaining on the defensive.

**Round 6 and 7—** The fighting now became fast and furious, and the most intense excitement existed. McKeown caught his man on the jaw, sending him to his knees, but the latter was quickly up and rushed into a clinch. Two stomach blows were McKeown's unwelcome visitors later on, but he made ample compensation by giving Arthurs a bad one on the forehead, which, if it had reached its destined locality, would then and there have settled the fight. It was the first time that McKeown had swung out with his right, which has been sore for days. He gave Arthurs an opening, which the latter availed himself of, causing two of McKeown's molars to disappear down his stomach.

**Round 8—** McKeown had a wicked look as he rushed forward when the word was given, and several unimportant exchanges took place. Seeing his opportunity, McKeown hit out with his right, which he had rarely used, and to the consternation of the spectators, Arthurs was seen to stagger and then fall in a heap, face forward. For many seconds beyond the time allowed, he lay unconscious, with his face upturned and unmistakably indicating the terrible force of the blow which caught him on the right side of the face near the ear, causing the blood to spout in a large stream. He was a beaten man, and the referee, after the expiration of the required time, gave the fight to McKeown.

**On May 8, at Lexington, Ky., the Gus Strauss stakes,** 1-mile handicap, for all ages, was a splendid race from the start to the finish. Woodward got off seventh and Joe Cotton sixth. Ferg Kyle got off first and made the running, leading until near the finish. Result: Joe Cotton first, Ferg Kyle second, W. R. Woodward third. Time, 1:42. Old turfmen say it was the best race ever run over the Lexington course. Cotton's victory will lower the odds against him for the Kentucky Derby.

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**Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. P. T. Barnum, Jack Burke, G. B. Bunnell, Harry Dobson, Thos. F. Delaney, Jack Dempsey, James Doran, Wm. Edwards, James W. Fullbrook, H. C. Gordon, Miss Edna Gray, Denis Hanley, Tom Hall, W. H. Hutcheson, Harry Jennings, H. M. Johnson, G. J. Montgomery, Jen Mac (2), Eph Morris, Paty Murphy, John Mackay, W. Price, Michael Pfleum, Chas. Roblee, Sol Smith Russell, Duncan C. Ross (2), Wm. Smith, Emily Voss.**

**A type-setting contest for \$250 a side has been arranged** between Joseph McCann, of the *Herald*, and Ira Sommers, of the *New York World*. The contest will be of 3 hours' duration, the type to be of solid motion without paragraphs, the match to take place Thursday, June 1<sup>st</sup>, prox., and at 2 P. M., in the Typographical Union Hall, or other place that may be selected by the referee, from whose decision there shall be no appeal. Each competitor is to correct his own composition at the end of the work, and one line shall be deducted from the work performed for each minute or fraction of a minute consumed in correcting.

**The fourth annual picnic and games of the Scottish-American Athletic Club will be held at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., on Saturday, May 30 (Decoration Day).** The following events, open to all amateurs: 100-yard run, handicap; 220-yard run, handicap; half-mile run, handicap; 1-mile run, handicap; 1-mile walk, handicap; sack race; tub race; 1-mile roller-skating race, for championship of New Jersey; tug-of-war, teams of four men, weight unlimited; individual bowling, 6-ball head pin game. Entrance fee for each event, 50 cents; tug-of-war, \$2. Entries close May 23, with Jos. C. Young, Secretary, 203 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

**No car will be left unshipped to make the coming single-scufl race for the championship of the world the most important ever held.** The purse offered by Richard K. Fox of the *Police Gazette* is \$5,000, to be divided as follows: \$3,000 to the winner, \$1,200 to second, \$500 to third and \$250 to fourth. The race is to be 4 miles with a turn, and referee, judges and time-keepers to be appointed by Richard K. Fox. It will take place in this vicinity between the 1st and 15th of August, 1886, and in order that William Muldoon, now champion of the world, may be induced to enter the race Richard K. Fox will give him \$500 for expenses.

**George Engeman is making great preparations for** the racing season at Brighton Beach. The grand stand has been lengthened nearly one-third, and it will have seating capacity for several thousand persons. The addition has been made to the westerly end. The stairway leading to the space where the speculators formerly stood under a covered shed near the old auction pool stand, and the entire space between the grand stand and field enclosure have been covered over. Besides this, nearly 100 feet of ground at the rear of the stand next the ocean has been put under cover. This space will be occupied by the pool-sellers, who will be covered by a roof at least 200 feet square.

**The West Side Athletic Association held their spring games on their club grounds in this city on May 9.** In the 100-yard running race, sixteen started. The first heat was won by L. F. Smith, the second by A. Ferrelly, the third by E. Ukers and the fourth by W. C. White. Ukers won the final heat and race, 10:15 seconds. The two-mile walk had eleven starters. J. T. Macdonald won in 15 minutes 23-2 seconds, having 45 seconds start of E. F. Macdonald and E. D. Lange, both of whom started from the scratch. J. F. Dolan won the mile run in 4 minutes 50-2 seconds. The 440-yard run had fourteen starters, and was won by C. S. Busse in 54 seconds. L. E. Meyers was to have started in this race, but the crowd was disappointed when it was made known that the champion had sailed for England. W. H. Meek gave an exhibition walk of half a mile. He accomplished the distance in 3 minutes 22-3 seconds. The 220-yard hurdle race was won by W. M. Pierce in 30-2 seconds. The 3-mile run was won by L. D. Loyd, of Brooklyn, in 16 minutes 27 seconds.

**The following visitors called at this office the past week:** Billie Madden, Tom Campbell, John Maynard, San Francisco, Cal.; A. H. Cunningham, Frank Cunningham, steamer Niagara; James Reynolds, Harry Reynolds, Chicago; Harry Stevenson, Butte City, Montana; Patrick McMahon, Charley John J.; Jos. G. End, Chas. H. End, Jos. Forrest, Rochester, N. Y.; E. A. Osborne, Jr., Newark, N. J.; Frank Lyman, Jim Connor, James Plirkling, Wallace Ross, John McCarthy, John Jumbo Flynn, Alf. Power, Capt. Thos. Jones, Bob Smith, Jerry Dunn, Dr. L. C. Thomas, Max Stern, Carl Abs, Louis Ingwersen, Em. Ag. A. T. & S. F. R. R., City; Matsata Sorakichi, Arthur Chambers, Geo. Edwards, J. W. McElroy, Warack Edwards, Geo. B. Raymond, Alex. McIntosh, Thos. Murtha.

**The Argonaut crew, of Toronto, who are going to England to row against all the English amateur rowing associations crews, will sail from Quebec by the steamship *Parisian* on Saturday, May 30.** This is not definitely settled yet, and the plan may be changed, but it is probable that it will hold good. If so, the future operations of the tour will be as follows: Continued work on the rowing machines until the bay is open and boat-work possible, which will not be until the middle of May; two weeks' practice on the bay, start for England on May 30, three weeks' rowing in England, and then on Thursday and Friday, July 2 and 3, the Henley regatta. After the Henley the crew will remain for the Metropolitan regatta, a week later, and will then return to one's home.

**A large crowd of colored sporting men and many billiard experts assembled at the *Police Gazette* office May 6 to arrange the preliminaries for a billiard tournament open to all colored billiard players, for the championship of America.** After

## SPORTING NEWS.

*It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the *Police Gazette* is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.*

**Andre Christol and James "Wash" Faulkner are to wrestle at Chicago.**

**Walter De Baun has engaged George La Blanche, the well-known pugilist, for three months.**

**George Hutchinson, the champion roller-skater of Canada, has been giving exhibitions on the rollers in this city.**

**George Slosson and Wm. Sexton, the famous billiard experts, have been matched to play 500 points up, cushion caroms, for \$2,000.**

**A wrestling tournament is to be held in San Francisco, for a purse offered by Harry Maynard. Clarence Whistler, Duncan C. Ross, Hamada Kirokichi, McMillan, Tom Cannou and Carkeek are among the entries.**

**L. E. Myers suddenly determined to go to England, and sailed on May 9, on the steamship *Etruria*.** He says that he wishes to avoid the malaria which develops itself in him every spring. He will enter every race possible in England, Ireland and Scotland.

**The 100-yard race for the gold medal, offered by Wm. R. Travers, was decided on May 9 at the New York Athletic Club grounds at Mott Haven, N. Y.** The result was: H. E. Toussaint, 9 yards, first; M. W. Ford, scratch, second; C. B. Lange, 4 yards, third. Won by a yard in 10:45 seconds.

**Edward J. Heath, a prominent saloon-keeper and a well-known sport, was elected Chief of the Fire Department at Chicopee, Mass., April 23. The office has been held for many years by an old Puritan. Heath will make things lively for the boys and is already making preparations for a grand muster which will take place soon.**

**At Lexington, Ky., on May 9, the races were remarkable for their surprises in the race for the Clay stakes, 1½ miles. Pools—Biersan brought \$30. Ten Booker \$6, field \$2.** The race was a genuine surprise. It was almost conceded to Biersan after a mile run, when Ten Booker challenged him, and, after a whipping finish, beat him by a length; Biersan second, Ultimatum third. Time, 2:10%.

**Ten Booker stock has gone up for the Derby.**

**On May 8, at Lexington, Ky., the Gus Strauss stakes, 1-mile handicap, for all ages, was a splendid race from the start to the finish.** Woodward got off seventh and Joe Cotton sixth. Ferg Kyle got off first and made the running, leading until near the finish. Result: Joe Cotton first, Ferg Kyle second, W. R. Woodward third. Won by a yard in 10:45 seconds.

**Edward J. Heath, a prominent saloon-keeper and a well-known sport, was elected Chief of the Fire Department at Chicopee, Mass., April 23.**

**At Lexington, Ky., on May 9, the Gus Strauss stakes, 1-mile handicap, for all ages, was a splendid race from the start to the finish.** Woodward got off seventh and Joe Cotton sixth. Ferg Kyle got off first and made the running, leading until near the finish. Result: Joe Cotton first, Ferg Kyle second, W. R. Woodward third. Won by a yard in 10:45 seconds.

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## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

In commenting on Jacob Schaefer's strange defeat by George Slosson, in the last issue, I wrote the following:

"I suppose the upset of Schaefer's defeat will be a match between the conqueror and the conquered, and if such is stated there will be plenty of money to pick up by again backing Slosson. What do stakes amount to in any contest except to give the match a *bona fide* aspect, and how easy it is to back a man like Slosson for \$1,000 against Schaefer when the backer can invest three times that amount on the expert to win, whereby he loses the nominal stakes, but wins double and sometimes treble the amount. Why, then, should not a match between Slosson and Schaefer follow? It may not at present, but it will before many moons pass away."

Just as I had prophesied, on May 7 Slosson started for Chicago, but before he left two matches were privately arranged between Schaefer and Slosson.

The proposed matches with Slosson and Schaefer will be a grand opportunity for speculators who can find out which expert will be allowed to win.

Since the arrival of Carl Abs, the German giant, all the way from Hamburg, there has been quite a boom in wrestling, and as the matches have been so far decided on their merits, the box-offices at the numerous contests have yielded heavily.

On Monday evening, May 18, Abs is to meet Muldoon, the champion at the Greco-Roman style, in a match for \$500 a side and the championship, at Irving Hall in this city.

Abs has been victorious in every match so far, and the German contingent believe Abs will conquer Muldoon just as easily as he did Hoeffer, Matsuda Sorakichi, Bibby and Hoagland.

Both are giants, and the struggle will not only be a desperate one, but hundreds of dollars will be wagered on the result.

Wm. Muldoon, the champion wrestler, threw Matsuda Sorakichi so easily in a match at Chicago that he was certain he could win five falls in a match with the Jap in 1 hour.

Muldoon came (on from Richmond, Va.), saw, but did not conquer.

Handicap matches are at all times very difficult to win, but with such a wonderful wrestler as the Jap, Muldoon was too heavily handicapped.

A number of stable followers have, no doubt, taken time by the forelock and invested with the laudable purpose of helping should the opportunity serve, but the majority of the transactions quoted up to the present date are, I have no hesitation in saying, purely fanciful and rest on very shaky foundations, indeed.

My belief is that, up to the present, next to nothing is generally known. It is open, of course, for any one to theorize, to form opinions and hazard guesses, but I doubt if there has been actually one genuine commission which could be held to testify to the confidence of owner and trainer—a confidence that has generally some foundation in fact—yet executed.

Recently the following appeared in the "Referee" department of this paper:

"A few days ago J. A. St. John, of St. Louis, announced that he had written a challenge to Beach, who defeated Hanlan in the race on the Paratta River, in Australia, on Saturday, March 26, to row a race with Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis, for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world, anywhere in the United States that Beach may select. Now, from what I know of this supposed rowing promoter, I can emphatically chronicle that St. John would not back an oarsman for \$300, let alone for \$5,000 a side, and John Teemer, Wallace Ross, George Hosmer, James Pilkington, George Lee and other well-known oarsmen are well aware of that fact. In the first place, Gaudaur is miles behind championship form and if he was eager to arrange a *bona fide* race he would have no trouble in ratifying a match with either Teemer or Rose, without looking to Australia for a race."

In reference to the above—St. John writes from St. Louis as follows:

"I notice an item in your paper of the 18th which reflects a little upon my standing as a backer and promoter of rowing. In the first place, permit me to say that my challenge to Beach on behalf of Gaudaur was to row a 3-mile race at St. Louis for \$5,000 (twenty-five hundred a side), Beach to be allowed \$500 to row here. This challenge I stand by and hope the champion will accept. So far as my not being willing to back Gaudaur against any of the persons you name I would say I have already done so with Teemer and Hosmer, and their good money is invested in the Gaudaur cottage."

"Mr. Ross made a match with Gaudaur to row in May, but as the time drew near he sent me word requesting the race to be postponed, because he could not well leave his business, but any time he is ready to row on the conditions named at St. Louis, he will find Gaudaur quite ready to row for either \$300 or \$1,000 a side. As to the other well-known oarsmen."

"I don't think they are anxious to put up any money for a race with Gaudaur. With regard to Teemer, I have a great opinion of his ability, and doubt whether there is any difference between his speed and Gaudaur's. I believe either of them better men than Beach. I prefer to make a match with Beach because the championship is well worth risking something for, but a victory over Teemer would add nothing to Gaudaur's laurels."

"If Teemer were champion of the world the challenge would have been to him. Now, in regard to Gaudaur being miles behind championship form, it is a matter of opinion."

D. J. Ross recently won a 10-mile handicap race at Emporia, Kan., and defeated John Welsh, Geo. W. Irvine, A. Campbell and George Caldwell.

Ross started from the mark, the other contestants receiving a start, and won the race easily.

There is nothing wonderful about Ross beating his four opponents, but there is something startling when the press of Emporia announce that Ross ran the ten miles in 50 minutes.

The race, I understand, was run on a track which had to be traveled nineteen times round to complete a mile.

Now I think it is 100 to 1 that Ross did not make the time the Kansas papers and the judges of the race announced, and it is the same odds that D. J. Ross could not run 10 miles on an 8, let alone a 19-lap track in 51 minutes, which is allowing him 4 minutes over the alleged time which is claimed he made.

The best time ever made for 10-mile running is 51 minutes & 20 seconds, made by W. G. George at London, England, on April 7, 1884, while the fastest 10 miles ever run in this country is 52 minutes 40-1/2 seconds, made by Wm. Steele, of Bloomsburg, Pa., on May 19, 1883.

Ross is miles behind either of the above champions. How then could he have the effrontry to claim that he ran 10 miles on a 19-lap track in 50 minutes?

The track at the Parlor Rink, at Emporia, Kansas, was either short or the watches of the time-keepers were filled with electric springs.

I learn that the latest on roller-skates is from Battle Creek, Mich., where a Shetland pony has been taught to do fancy skating on wheels. The pony will exhibit himself the coming summer with a circus. By another winter his owner is to show him off in various leading rinks.

As horses have been taught to walk a rope, there is no reason why a horse may not carry his rider on wheels and do other curious things.

Now the racing season has begun, those immaculate individuals who ascertained in bouncing advertisements that they are in possession of the sole and certain winner have certainly a nerve.

Numerous tips have been given and sold on the probable winner of the Withers and Belmont stakes.

I am aware of the fact that there are people in this world so clever that the picking up of winners is, according to their own showing, an uncommonly easy task, and the readiness with which the offer, by means of public advertisements, to communicate the wonderful knowledge which they possess for what must really be to them a very insignificant consideration, proves them to be patriots and humanitarians of the first water.

It is my opinion that even these clever ones do not know everything, and that in common with owners, trainers, politicians and others, the possibility of making a mistake is a great one. How, when everything is reckoned up, can it be otherwise?

Previous running affords, it is true, something to go by, but of what real value can this be, when, as is so often the case, the better performance of one year cut up badly the next, and a number of assumed novelties, or at best, doubtfuls, whose light has hitherto hidden under a bushel, come out in quite another character.

The most that can be known at the outset of a season is that certain animals are rather more forward in condition than others, and this is so far in their favor, but as to actual trials there are usually left until nearer the day of the race, for what could be gained by testing a horse's quality a month or so beforehand, when he or she might go wrong any hour, say, even five minutes after a favorable verdict has been pronounced?

No matter how unlucky those who back in race-horses may generally be, the tide of speculation rolls merrily on, and the quietude of the dead-and-alive period, which is represented by the sternest and coldest of winter months, has been abundantly atoned for by the extraordinary activity which has recently prevailed in those circles where turfies do congregate.

Sporting men and turfites, it is true, do not risk so much money as formerly on race-horses, having grown wiser in their day and generation, but granted that the amounts invested are chiefly on a small scale, the most exacting of pencilers cannot surely complain of a restricted market in connection with the Derby or great stakes.

Since H. M. Johnson ran 125 yards in 11 3-5 seconds at Cincinnati, many have cast cold water on the performance, and only a few of Johnson's most intimate friends believe he did accomplish the best on record at 125 yards.

Johnson's feat of fast running, until he repeats the performance, will be just as doubtful as the 100-yard time of Geo. Seward, which time for years and years has been looked upon as the best on record until it was proved that the time was never made.

No man in the world has a genuine, properly authenticated record of less than 10 seconds for running 100 yards.

Many men have covered that distance fairly in less than the time named, but no record was obtained either on account of defective arrangements for trustworthy starting, timing and judging, or because it was in a race of more than 100 yards and the even 100 yards were not timed separately.

For instance, B. L. Lamontago has two separate records of running 101 yards in 10 seconds, and, of course, in each case the first 100 yards must have been run in less than 10 seconds.

It is also evident that the first 100 yards were run in less than 10 seconds in each of the following performances, found in English books of record: G. Seward, 120 yards in 11 1/2 seconds; W. Johnson, 130 yards in 12 1/2 seconds; H. Hatchens, 131 1/2 yards in 12 1/2 seconds, and 132 1/2 yards in 12 3-5 seconds; G. Wallace, 130 1/2 yards in 12 1/2 seconds.

There have been scores of similar records made in England but not put on record, and in America, Davis, McIver, Cozzi, Kettelman, Harmon, Rodgers, and others have actually covered 160 yards in less than 10 seconds, but not under circumstances which enable it to be on record. Seward's 100 yards in 9 1/2 seconds is a humbug long since exploded.

The London sporting press still harp over the feat of Louis Tebbutt, of Saxony, who skated 101 miles in 11 hours 40 minutes last winter, and claim that it was the most remarkable performance on record.

The English sporting writers forget that John Ennis skated 100 miles in 11 hours 37 minutes 40 seconds, when the temperature was 30 to 37 degrees below the freezing point. At Cincinnati E. St. Clair skated 100 miles in 11 hours 45 minutes on Jan. 3, 1868, and in 1877, at Chicago, John Ennis skated 145 miles in less than 19 hours, while W. Whipple, of St. John, N. Y., skated 100 miles in 10 hours.

I expect to see a grand gathering of horsemen, trotters, etc., at the meeting of the New York Driving Club in the early month of June.

The classes and purses for the great meeting are as follows: 2:17 and 2:21 classes, purses \$600 each with \$400 added by the club to the winner of each race; the 2:23, 2:25, 2:31 and 3:00 classes for \$500 each with \$250 added money to the winner.

A purse of \$500 has been set apart for running horses hitched as double teams, mile heats. Fifty dollars entrance fee will be charged, but the amount will be refunded to starters.

The club will present an additional \$500 to any horse in any of the above classes (except the runners) who beats the best time ever made by any other horse in such class and made in such race. Mr. N. Straus will give \$1,000 to any horse beating Majolica's time, 2:17, which is the fastest record ever made in a 3-minute race.

It is true that old mares sometimes produce fast trotters, but it is also a fact that Kentucky breeders have produced their fastest trotters from comparatively young mares which had never distinguished themselves upon the turf.

It requires considerable capital to stock a farm with young, sound, well-shaped and well-bred brood mares, yet there is no doubt that those who select such will be much more successful in a term of years than those who stock up with a cheap class of animals.

Young men just entering upon the business of breeding had better select at least one mare for brood purposes that possesses all the qualifications which they wish to produce in the offspring, and is free from defects.

One such animal has often proved the stepping-stone to fortune. Miss Russell, Green Mountain Maid and Alma Mater are few of the many that might be named of this class.

Alma Mater is now but thirteen years old, yet the amount realized by her present owners from the sale of her produce has already reached \$40,000.

It is true that such instances are extremely rare, yet the fact should not be forgotten by those just entering the breeding ranks that a very large proportion of the most valuable horses yet produced were from young dams.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

J. W., Brighton, Mass.—No.

J. D., Waterbury, Conn.—No.

Capt. H. B., Toledo, Ohio.—No.

W. K., Red Rock, Montana.—No.

G. M., Montreal.—Send photo and sketch.

N. D., Carbon, Col.—The Earl of Lansdowne.

S. J. S., St. Louis.—It was set up in pearl type.

F. O. B., Salisbury, Conn.—Have not the receipt.

G. D., City.—Five hundred and twenty-five miles.

E. T. S., Tyrone, Pa.—The party claiming out first.

W. S. B., Shippegan, N. B., Canada.—He was acquitted.

P. M., Brier Hill, Ohio. There is no such book published.

H., Salem, Mass.—There is no middle-weight champion pugilist.

J. G. G., Chicago.—The Boston won the League pennant in 1883.

J. W., Coney Island.—Wanderer's record is 2:34 1/2, not 2:24, and A wins.

G. W., Bordentown, N. J.—The Suez Canal was opened in the fall of 1869.

W. W., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Must send your name and address with request.

S. M., Germantown, Pa.—Yes; Mike Cleary did knock Wm. Sheriff out twice.

S. S. E., Boston, Mass.—The English Derby was won by Caractacus, May 17, 1862.

D. C., Gold Hill, Nev.—O'Leary's best record for walking six days is 519 1/2 miles.

J. M., Washington, D. C.—Josh Ward was the first champion oarsman of America.

A. W., Baltimore, Md.—Geo. Fordham rode Foxhall when he won grand prize at Paris.

M. M., Kansas City.—John C. Heenan boxed at New Orleans, La., in 1870, and B wins.

H. B., Hudson, N. Y.—Edward Hanlan still holds the title of champion oarsman of America.

N. E., Mobile, Ala.—Aaron Jones, the English pugilist, died at Leavenworth Kan., Feb. 16, 1863.

L. L., Detroit, Mich.—The Harvard College baseball nine won the baseball championship in 1878.

J. H., Washington, D. C.—The President of the United States received a sum of \$50,000 per annum.

M. W., Troy, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. Harry Hill held the stakes, \$3,000, when Sullivan and Ryan fought.

L. E. D., Lynchburg, Va.—Lexington beat Lecompte 4-mile heat race at New Orleans, La., April 14, 1855.

S. J. T., Ashtabula, Ohio.—1. Kenneth A. Skinner. 2. There are dozens of champions at roller-skating.

Inquirer, Baltimore.—Consult the British consul. He will probably furnish you with all the information.

Snow, Toledo, Ohio.—Tug Wilson did not knock Sullivan down when they met at Madison Square Garden.

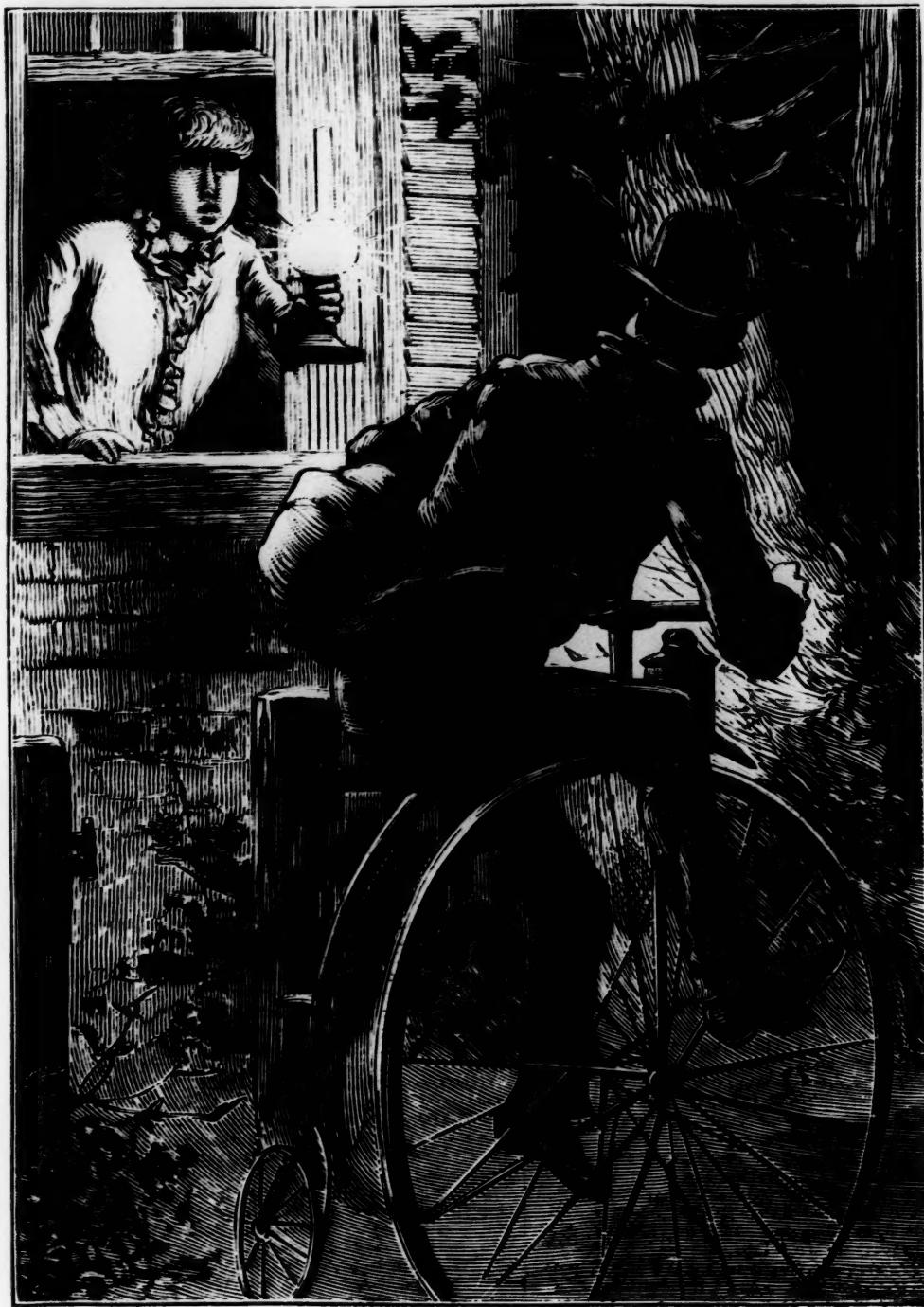
M. E. B., Utica, N. Y.—The Mr. English who ran for Vice-President in 1860 was Wm. H. English, of Indiana.

W. H. F., Hayward, Miss.—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought with bare knuckles at Mississippi City.

V. M., Orleans, La.—John M. Cannon's (of Cincinnati, Ohio) best lift on the machine machine is 1,250 pounds.

I. G., Columbus, Ohio.—Dutchman trotted 3 miles in 7:32 1/2 at the Beacon track, New York, on Aug. 1, 1859.

A. W., Chicago, Ill



A BICYCLED BURGLAR.

THE ARTISTIC OPERATOR WHO HAS BEEN SPREADING TERROR THROUGHOUT THE RURAL DISTRICTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

**A Burglar on a Bicycle.**

Essex County (Mass.) towns are pestered by a burglar who comes and goes on his raids upon a bicycle. He had not been heard from for several weeks until 1 o'clock the morning of May 5, when the housekeeper of Mr. Cyrus Dodge, living on the Essex road, in Manchester,

was awakened by the flashing of the rays of a dark-lantern across her face. Starting up she saw a man wearing a mask bending over her. He presented the muzzle of a revolver at her head and warned her not to scream, saying he would not harm her. All he wanted was money. He forced her to get up and succeeded in getting \$35 from the bureau drawer. She



A FEMALE HORSE-THEIF.

THE EXTRAORDINARY AND AUDACIOUS ACT OF A RECKLESS YOUNG GIRL IN FRIE, PA.

said that was all she had, but he demanded more, and snatching her pillow from her bed found her wallet containing \$10 more. He then asked her for the key of the safe. She denied any knowledge of it, but was again menaced by the revolver, and conducted the burglar down stairs to the dining-room, adjoining rooms in which three sons of Mr. Dodge slept.

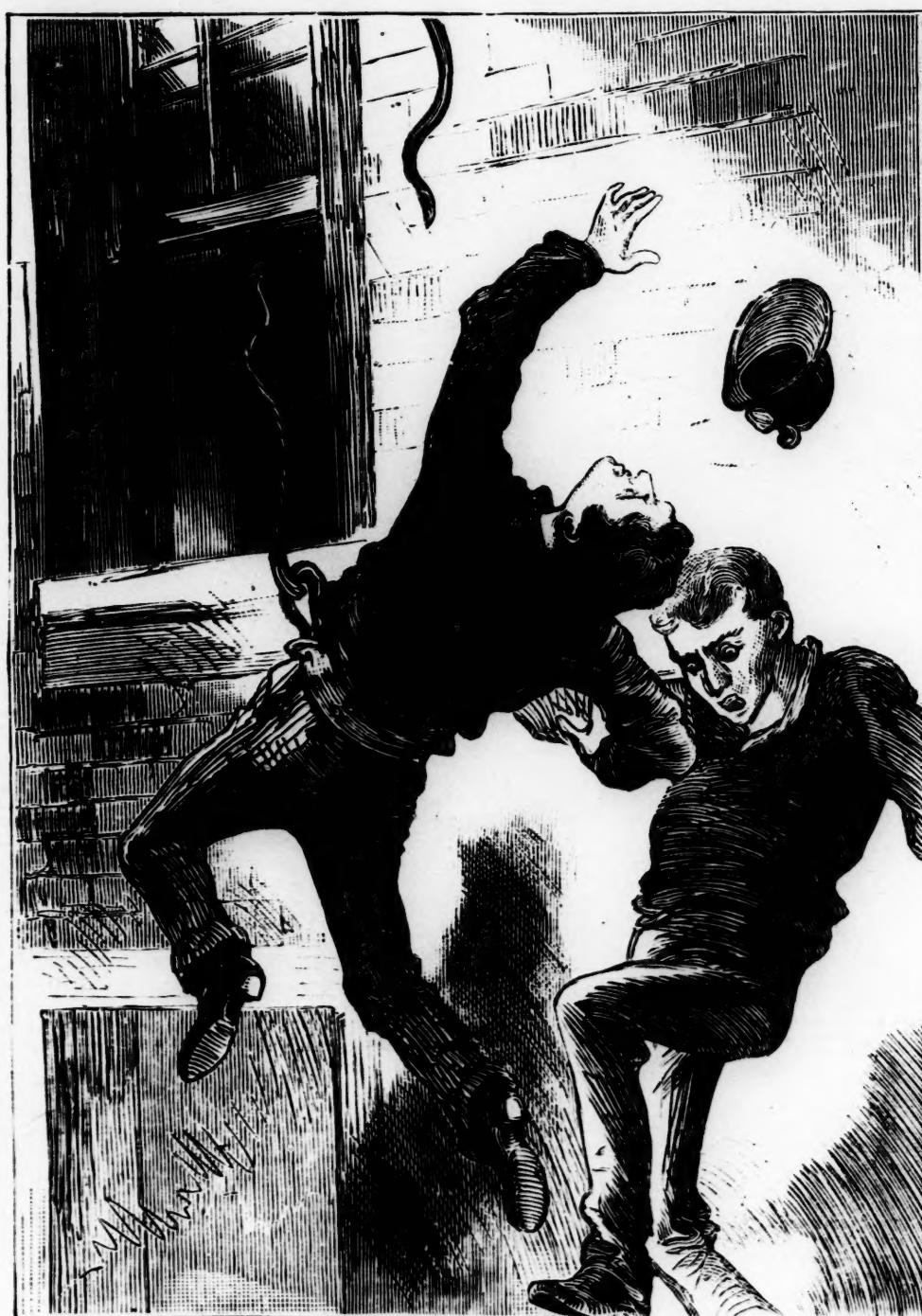
Here she screamed, and the robber leaped from a window and escaped. He was seen to mount a bicycle which was leaning against a tree and ride off.

—♦—  
ABE LEAVITT was lately married in Cincinnati to Lottie Elliott, skipping-rope dancer.



HE WANTED GORE.

NAT GOODWIN, THE CLEVER AND USUALLY AMIABLE COMEDIAN, SEEKS A BRIEF BUT EXCITING INTERVIEW WITH EDITOR DAVID DALZIELL, IN CHICAGO.



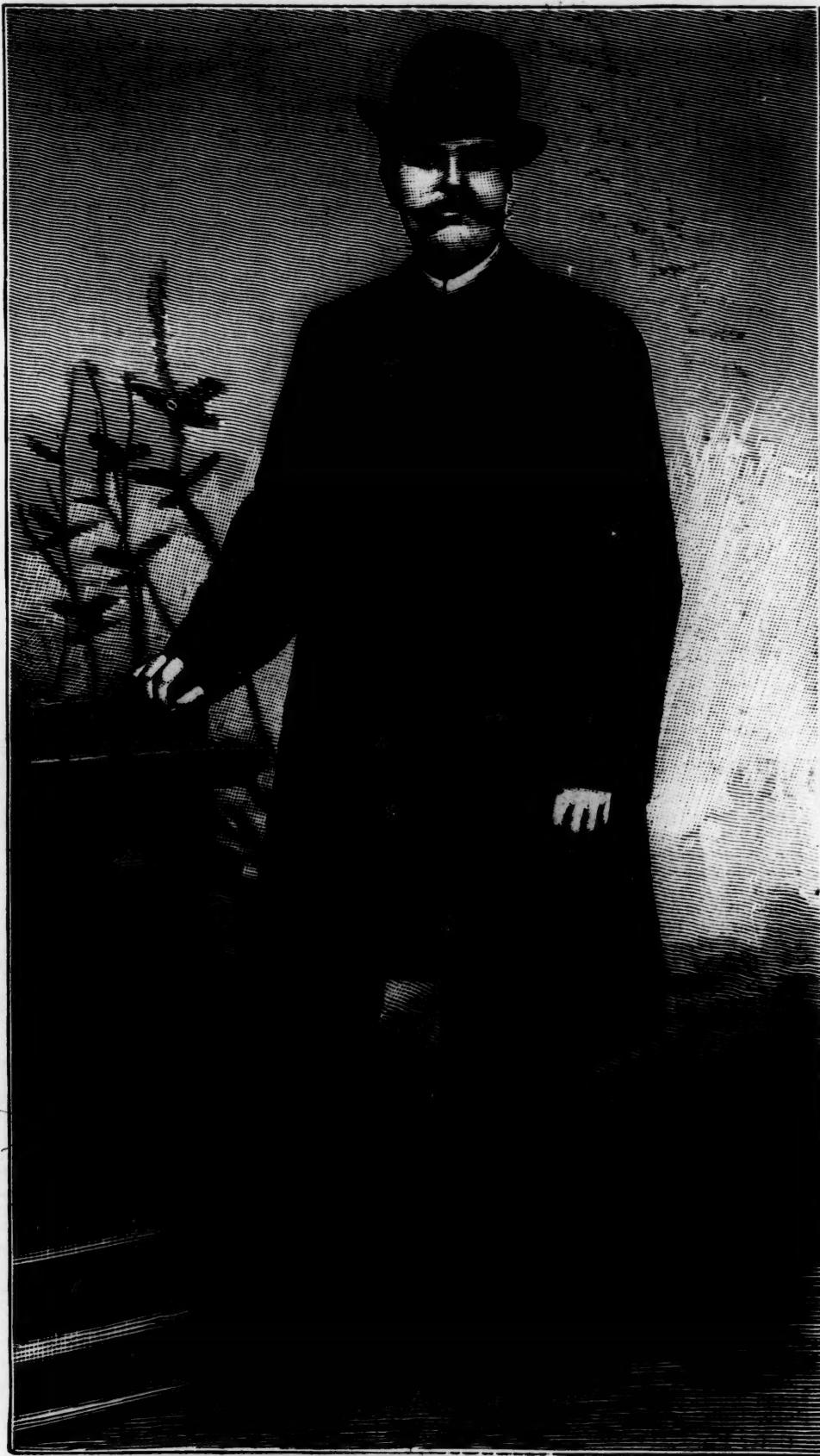
PERILOUS LIFE-SAVING.

A COUPLE OF NEW YORK FIREMEN ARE DANGEROUSLY INJURED WHILE PRACTICING PROFESSIONAL GYMNASTICS.



PETER DURYEA,

THE WELL-KNOWN AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED YOUNG PATRON OF EVERY LEGITIMATE ATHLETIC SPORT.



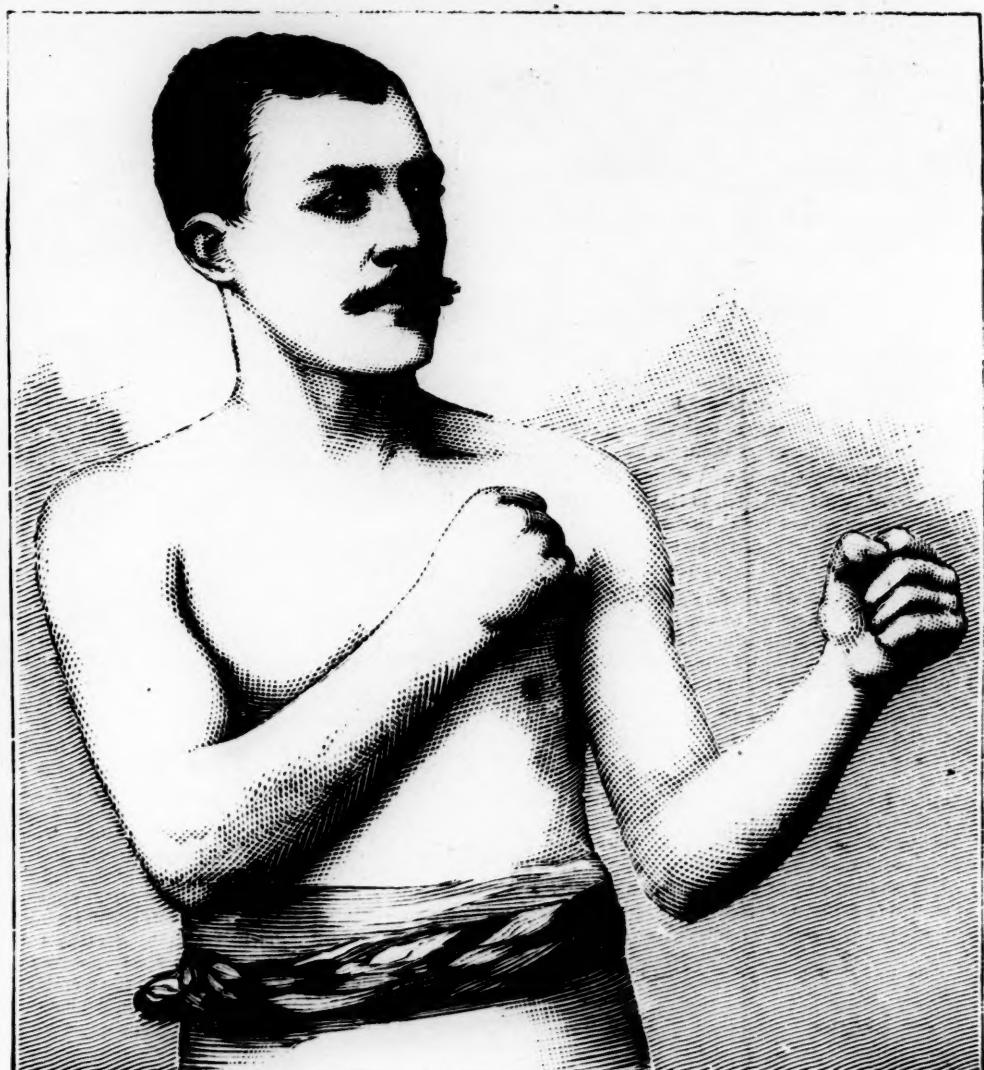
JAMES MUTRIE,

OF WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION AND WELL-DESERVED POPULARITY AMONG ALL WHO KNOW AND LOVE BASEBALL.



JAMES WALSH,

THE ACTIVE AND POPULAR YOUNG MAN WHO IS REGARDED AS THE SKATORIAL PHENOMON OF NEWBURGH, N. Y.



JOE WOOLLEY,

THE RATTLING YOUNG PUGILISTIC REPRESENTATIVE OF BIRMINGHAM, ENGL., NOW A CANDIDATE FOR AMERICAN HONORS.

## BEFORE THE BAR.

**Prohibition Kickers--Costly Chicago Licenses--A Hot Fight Expected in Iowa--Sunday Corkers.**



CAPTAIN JOHN H. STILLWELL.

It's a well-known historical fact that Coney Island was first discovered by one of the famous Stillwell family, who was out sailing one day and found the island floating out toward sea. The ancient Stillwell ran his boat alongside the floating land and attached a rope to a cedar-tree and towed it to the mainland, where it's now situated. Since that lucky day the Stillwells have increased with the clams. One cannot go to any part of the long stretch of beach without meeting one of them. Lucky is he that may fall into the genial hands of the able representative whose good-natured face heads this column--Capt. John H. Stillwell. He is already well known among the large class of gentlemanly fishermen, who look with pleasure for the good sport they find in the vicinity of his old-fashioned tavern on the Coney Island creek. It's the resort of those who love good fishing and fine fish dinners, which are served up in the rare old style.

**Prohibition is as dead as stale beer.**

**The new Maine law is a horrible failure.**

**Kentucky whisky has the call in Europe.**

**President Grover mixes his own cocktails.**

**American claret has become a favorite as a summer beverage.**

There were over 25,000 glasses of beer consumed at Coney Island last Sunday.

**California brandy is on the average far superior to the so-called imported brand.**

**Brother Baylis, of the Fulton Market, drinks lemonade like fish while strolling on the beach.**

**Chief Billy Morrow, of the Hotel Brighton, looks as happy as a lark at the head of the immense bar and his able staff.**

**The New York police have taken a grand tumble on the Sunday Excise law. It's impossible to cork up the little side doors.**

**The dealers had better take timely advice and combine their organizations against this crazy outcry of prohibition fanatics.**

**It's needless to say that Coney Islanders do not recognize the Sabbath Excise law. Why should free-born Americans on their native sand?**

**The free-lunch bar is the most democratic institution in America. The poor man and the millionaire both nibble from the same cheese-and-crackers.**

**From the second to the eighth inst., inclusive, the New York Board of Excise Commissioners issued 570 licenses, for which the cashier received \$45,515.**

**The bottle lager beer trade has within a few years grown to something immense in this country. South America is a great consumer of the refreshing beverage.**

**During the last year Philadelphia has consumed 1,273,501 barrels of beer and ale. This is over 500 glasses a year for every man, woman and child in the "City of Brotherly Love."**

**Ferdinand Ward has the finest of wines in his Ludlow street quarters. He often dines at the down-town Delmonico's with a few Wall street friends and his good-natured keeper.**

**Assemblyman Reilly, of New York, made an unsuccessful effort to get his bill permitting the sale of beer and light wines in New York city between certain hours on Sunday committed to the Committee of the Whole; ayes 60, nays 45.**

**William Einstel, of Bloomville, Ohio, is in the habit of indulging rather freely at times. To this his wife objects, and has notified the saloon-keepers of the village not to sell her husband any liquor. The other evening Einstel went to Stucky & Flechner's saloon, and the wife went after him, but was put out of the saloon, so the report goes. She went home, but soon returned with Mr. Einstel's father and mother. The women were armed with corn cutters, and proceeded to break the plate-glass front, and soon succeeded in leaving it in a dilapidated condition. This is the way respectable dealers suffer because there happens to be some beastly bum in the neighborhood. Bounce the bummers!**

**As has been previously stated, a uniform saloon license for Chicago of \$500 per year has been established by a late city ordinance. The ordinance also provides for the payment thereof in installments, as follows: \$125 payable May 1; \$100, August 1, and \$208.33 December 1, 1885. By this arrangement it will**

be seen that the burden of the tax is so divided over the entire year as to fall as lightly as possible upon the payer. This is a very sensible plan, and while we sincerely deplore the necessity of paying such an exorbitant tax, we at the same time recognize the wisdom of the arrangement which equalizes it so equitably.

**Many of the best men about town remember Tommy Scanlon, who for years has stood behind the genial boards in Fulton street, serving with best of good nature and skill the thirsty down-town business men who come his way. Few of these gentlemen know this little diamond has passed away to the strange land. Tommy spent his last days with the worthy Billy Wright, of Fulton and Front streets, for whom he went to work on the opening of his new cafe. The poor little fellow lately took seriously ill, and by the kindness of Brother Wright he was sent to Bucks County, Pa., where he died about two weeks ago. His death has been a great surprise to his many friends, including the members of the Atlanta Boat Club, of which he was a member of three years standing.**

**It is expected that there will be a hot fight in Iowa this fall. The liquor trade is being destroyed in all parts of the State, and the dealers themselves subjected to the most tyrannical treatment by the prohibitory legislation adopted by the State. The brewers have met recently and passed resolutions, one of which provides that the central committee issue a call to the people, showing forth the condition in which the brewing business is under existing laws, and urging the people to vote only for candidates for the Legislature of liberal ideas. It is really a lamentable fact that Prohibition is making deeper and deeper inroads into the liquor interest every year, and that State or Territory is a happy one indeed that is entirely free from the blighting influences of Prohibition. At first slow, silent and insidious, the Prohibition movement has, like an avalanche, gathered strength as it rolls onward, and has now attained formidable and, in many cases, irresistible proportions. The liquor dealers generally awaken to a true sense of their danger after the damage has been done, and can do little then but repine after their wasted opportunities and bitterly curse their own stupidity in neglecting to fortify their position while yet they had time.**

## JAMES MUTRIE.

[With Portrait.]

**Jamee Mutrie, the well-known manager of the New York Club, and probably the shrewdest and most successful manager in the baseball arena, was born in Chelsea, Mass., where he first attracted public attention as captain of the famous amateur Chelsea Club, which made a trip to this city and vicinity in 1874. His first professional engagement was with the Androscoggin Club, of Lewiston, Me., in 1875. He captained the nine, and under his careful coaching they won the State championship. In 1876 he captained the Fall River Club, and under his watchful eye they won the championship of New England. He also captained the same club in 1877, when they came in second for the New England championship. Appreciating his personal worth, the New Bedford people secured Mutrie to captain their team in 1878, and once more Jim came off with flying colors, as the New Bedfords, under his careful training, captured the championship of the New England Association. In 1879 Mr. Mutrie played for awhile with the Worcester Club, then resigned to accept the management of the Brockton Club, which he handled so ably that it won the championship of the Massachusetts Association. Along toward the latter part of 1880 Manager Mutrie came to this city and started the Metropolitan Club at the Polo Grounds. Through his untiring exertions he succeeded in establishing baseball upon a solid basis in this city. He stuck to his first love--the Metropolitans--until they won the championship of the American Association in 1884. This year he has taken the New Yorks in tow, and, from present indications, they will win the championship of the National League with hands down, and there will be no one but Manager Mutrie to thank for the honor.**

## HE REMEMBERED THE FIGHT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

**Mr. Henry Snyder, of No. 58 Liberty street, weighs 265 pounds. He is six feet tall and has biceps as big as a village blacksmith's. Like most big men, his friends say, Mr. Snyder is thoroughly good-natured. In all his life he has had only one real fight, and that was twelve years ago. Then the three individuals who stood up before him felt sorry that they had not left before the trouble began. It was "away back in the spring of '73," to use Mr. Snyder's expression, that he dropped into Mike Norton's saloon, corner of Carmine and Bleeker streets, and there got into a row. He has a dim recollection that somehow an ambulance was mixed up in the fray, but just how he can't explain. Since then, Mike Norton has become the sage and serious Judge of the Second District Court and Mr. Snyder has settled down to practice as a lawyer and collector at No. 39 Nassau street and No. 58 Liberty street. Until recently he had apparently forgotten all about the little trouble in Norton's saloon.**

**The other day he paid a visit to his dentist and took a full breath of laughing-gas preparatory to having a tooth pulled.**

**The next moment the old fight in Mike Norton's saloon twelve years ago came back to him. He found himself in the liquor store with three enemies bearing down on him. With a whoop and a bound he seized one of his assailants by the throat and threw him the length of the room. Then he grabbed the second and, with all the force that suppressed rage could give, he forced him backward sheer through a window. He wrenched the heavy chair apart and was about to brain the last of his enemies, when the gas lost its power and he awoke.**

**He awoke upon a scene of desolation. The parlor, with its rare blue china and expensive bric-a-brac, was a wreck. The furniture was a confused jumble of old lumber. The operating-chair had disappeared. So had the two ladies. The doctor still remained. He had to. Mr. Snyder had him by the throat half way out of the second-story window. In another moment he would have dropped him to the pavement. The dentist's assistant had bravely come to the rescue when the trouble began. Now he was slowly disengaging himself from the debris of an etagere and he came forward rubbing the sore spots. The doctor looked for a bottle of arnica and Mr. Snyder looked for his pocket-book and offered to pay for the damage. The young ladies came out from their hiding-places.**

**Mr. Snyder apologized, told about the fight twelve years ago, and gently insinuated:**

"Shall we try it again?"  
"No, sir," said the doctor. "I wouldn't do it for \$5,000."

## A CHURCH TRUSTEE ELOPES WITH A FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

**The City of Vincennes, Ind., is all agog over the developments attending the absence of Mr. George W. Hanes, a well-known citizen, a property-owner, man of family, and trustee of a Christian church congregation. It has been ascertained that Hanes has run off with the wife of a fisherman, Mrs. James Hinton. About a year ago a large house-boat, nicely fitted up, anchored near the bridge which spans the Wabash river. The occupants were James Hinton, of Terre Haute, and his wife, a woman of plain features, but a form which was attractive by its voluptuousness, and compensated for the lack of a beautiful face. Hanes has for years been in good standing in the community. For years he followed fishing as a vocation, and is known all along the Wabash river; but lately he has turned his attention to rafting logs, at which he made considerable money. An intimacy sprang up between Mr. Hanes and Mrs. Hinton, and on the 21st ult., Mr. Hinton discovered his wife and Hanes in a very compromising position. He drove the woman from his home, and the next day she left for Terre Haute. Two days later Hanes also went to Terre Haute, having collected together \$700 or \$800, a part of which was paid to him for other people. The pair were seen on board a Vandalia train at Terre Haute, and leave for the West, since which nothing has been heard from them. As Hanes' business frequently kept him away from home for weeks at a time, his family did not pay much attention to his absence, but those whom he had victimized learned of his departure, and an investigation brought out the true facts in the case. Mrs. Hanes, a most estimable lady, was notified of her husband's fidelity. He leaves her with two grown children and a nice little property, which will be speedily absorbed by the many debts which Hanes left behind him. His church will very likely take prompt measures for his expulsion, and those whom he has victimized stand ready to proceed against him should the opportunity offer.**

## MRS. BARRIOS AND HER GUATEMALAN BODY-GUARD.

**Mme. Barrios, widow of the late President of Guatemala, arrived in New York from San Francisco May 8, and took quarters at the Langham Hotel. She was accompanied by her eight children and over sixteen Guatemalans, who acted in the capacity of body-guard and servants. Addison Cammack and several other brokers, who were in the hotel at the time of the arrival, thought that a party of Indians under Buffalo Bill were out on a parade. Early next morning Mr. Barrios, in company with her eldest son, Antonio, who was a cadet at West Point, drove in carriage to her residence, No. 931 Fifth avenue. She inspected it thoroughly from basement to garret, and gave those in charge orders to have the house ready to be occupied at once. She went to the front window, and, although it was raining, she had it raised to look out at Central Park. She appeared sad, and was dressed in deep mourning. Antonio was in good spirits, and smiled and talked incessantly. They went back to the Langham Hotel before 10 o'clock. A reporter called. The clerk at the hotel was figuring on a piece of paper, and running his fingers through his hair in an excited manner.**

"Is Mme. Barrios in?"  
"She is in very muchly," hurriedly replied the clerk.

"How many has she in her party?"

"If you will tell me I shall be indebted to you. I am trying to figure it out now."

At that moment there was a peculiar sound along the corridor, as if gongs, chop-sticks and tom-toms were beating.

"They are coming," he said.

"Who?"

"Her Guatemalan servants."

The servants, composed of native men and women, Guatemalans, filed past, going to breakfast. They were low in stature, with retreating foreheads, and a dull, ginger-bread brown color. All were talking at once. Presently Mrs. Barrios, her son Antonio, the little children and several friends passed. She begged to be excused from talking.

## PETER DURYEA.

[With Portrait.]

**Peter Duryea, the well-known horseman and sporting manager, is well known all over the country. He has projected several championship 6-day races, and backed Chas. Rowell both in this country and England against all comers. He managed and arranged the great 6-day go-as-you-please roller-skating contest which commenced at Madison Square Garden on May 11. He is very popular with sporting men, owns several fast trotters, and is reputed to be very wealthy.**

## HOW HE EJECTED A NUISANCE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

**Charles Shipley is the colored janitor of the Alexander Museum, in the Bowery, near First street. Thomas Price, of No. 27 Barrow street, visited the place and teased the monkeys. Shipley tried to eject him, but could not until he buried his teeth in Price's ear and started down stairs. Rather than lose his ear Price followed and was landed in the street. Shipley was arrested.**

## HIS LAST SUPPER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

**Elsewhere we illustrate the scene in the cell of Chas. H. Rugg on the eve of his execution at Long Island City. A bevy of the flighty and foolish young women of the neighborhood provided him with a supper, and personally waited on the cruel and cowardly murderer.**

## A DRUNKEN WIFE'S CRIME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

**Patrick Duffy, an Irish laborer, forty years of age, and his wife Catherine, thirty-five years old, occupy two small rooms on the ground floor of the tenement house, No. 641 East Twelfth street, New York. The woman has been for years a victim of alcohol, and the police say that she is known in the neighborhood as "Drunken Kitty." When Patrick came home from work the other evening he gave his wife the larger portion of his week's wages. She went out and got drunk. At 1:30 o'clock next morning Patrolman Andrew Kelly, in passing the house, heard loud screams and saw a bright light in the apartments of the Duffys. The officer burst open the door, and on entering the room he saw the bed on which Duffy had been sleeping was on fire. Kerosene oil had been thrown over the bedding. Duffy, with his night clothes on fire, was dancing about the room, while his wife was standing in the middle of the room, with the kerosene oil can in her hand, shrieking like a demon. The officer extinguished the flames and sent for an ambulance. The ambulance surgeon from Bellevue Hospital found that Duffy was severely burned about the arms, legs, and body. He said that he was awakened by the flames and found himself on fire. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital. His wife was arrested. She appeared to be in a paroxysm of delirium tremens. One of the women in the house told the officer that the woman had, while drunk, threatened to kill her husband. She was sent to prison to await the result of the injuries to her husband.**

## CASPER WENGER.

[With Portrait.]

**The terrible double tragedy which occurred at New Orleans, La., on the night of April 23, is still fresh in the minds of our readers. We published a very full account of the affair with illustration some two weeks ago. Casper Wenger, the victim of the outraged husband's vengeance, was shot dead in bed asleep with Evans wife.**

## SERGEANT CROWLEY'S VICTIM.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

**The case of Sergeant Crowley, of the New York Municipal Police, charged with ravishing Maggie Morris in an east side bar-room, has been the criminal sensation of the metropolis for the past two weeks. We illustrate the scene of Miss Morris' exit from court after giving her testimony, and print, as well, a portrait of the accused officer.**

## GUS LAMBERT.

[With Portrait.]

**This young man, in a fit of terrible rage, shot and killed his mother-in-law. He then fired upon his wife, wounding her in the arm. He attempted to kill himself as the last desperate act. He now lies suffering in the county hospital, Chicago, in which city the murderer took place.**

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R-Erythroxylon coca, 2 drachms.

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Gelsemium, 8 grains.

Ext. ignatiae amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.

Ext. lepiandra, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q. s. Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take 2 pills at 3 p.m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take five pills at bedtime, and twice the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, or securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully packed, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$4.

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